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OCTOBER 20, 1956

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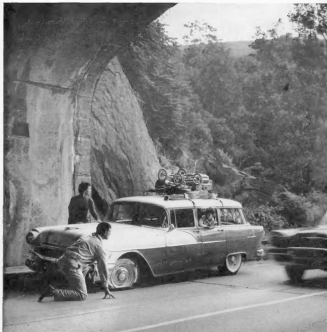


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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Cover: James McCarthy ▶

Climber McCarthy scales his way gingerly under a six-foot ledge. In a spectacular sequence in color beginning on page 15, this youthful expert shows how it is done.

Photograph by Kim Macis

14



16



30



39



46



79



Next week



► Iowa vs. Wisconsin, both unbeaten; Purdue against unbeaten Michigan State; unbeaten Auburn against Georgia Tech—college football really starts in its fifth week.

► As pro basketball booms back on the scene, a special six-page PREVIEW analyzes the rising season. Scouting reports gauge the strength of each of the eight NBA teams.

► Herbert Warren Wind reports from St. Andrews on the dramatic World Amateur golf team championship and the resulting playoff between the United States and Australia.

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Contents

OCTOBER 20, 1956 Volume 8, Number 16

14 Comeuppance in Dallas

Texas gets its revenge on Oklahoma, and across the country football moves into high gear

16 Breaking Up the Braves

Coming back from a 3-1 deficit, Casey Stengel's Yankees destroyed Milwaukee's Braves

18 Spectacle: Rough Way to the Summit

Preparing for tougher climbs ahead, Rock Climber James McCarthy scales some rugged spots near home

27 Requiem for a Friend of Sport

Pius XII asserted that its values correspond to important elements of spiritual man

30 Champagne and Tweed at Belmont

A casual camera catches some of the fall styles according most impressively

39 It's All Montreal

As the ice hockey season begins the Canadians stand high above the rest. A PREVIEW

46 Big Dog in a Little Package

The Chihuahua, ridiculed and often misunderstood, is the dog world's fastest-rising favorite

54 French Sizzlers on a Platter

Two famous restaurant specialties to restore a woman's ego in a man's world. By Mary Frost Mahon

66 The New Detroit Cars Wheel In

Here are the 1957 models in words and pictures, with four pages in full color

79 Shooting by Instinct

You can become a sharpshooter in an hour. Just try the McDaniell method, described by Martin Kane

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 6 Football's 4th Week | 54 Food |
| 9 Scoreboard | 56 Pro Football |
| 12 Coming Events | 60 Charles Goren |
| 23 Events & Discoveries | 64 Tip from the Top |
| 28 Wonderful World | 66 Automobiles |
| 47 Dogs | 86 19th Hole |
| 48 Boxing | 88 Fat on the Back |

Acknowledgments on page 3

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MEMO from the publisher

NOMINATIONS from colleges and universities are now coming in for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* third annual Silver Anniversary All-America Awards. The significance of these awards has been variously expressed



SILVER ANNIVERSARY
AWARD

since the late Herman Hickman conceived the idea for them more than two years ago. I think one of the best expressions is in the words of Columnist Bill Cunningham, delivered at a Washington Touchdown Club dinner in 1957:

"Is what we keep saying really true—that the football field is one of the greatest training grounds for life? Or do the courage and leadership learned as one of football's lessons inspire with the winning of a letter or the granting of a diploma? *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has provided the answer, with its Silver Anniversary Awards—to 25 let-terms of 25 seasons ago who prove beyond any doubt that football can be the forerunner of a useful, productive life of achievement and service to one's community."

Grounded in a similar conviction is the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame. On October 28 at a dinner for 2,500 at New York's Hotel Astor the foundation will honor 1958's electees to the Hall of Fame and the other 153 men (119 players, 43 coaches) named since elections

began in 1931. The dinner will also be the occasion for the first presentation of a gold medal to the man "who has distinguished himself by his service to football." In addition to the Hall of Famers, the 1957 Silver Anniversary All-Americans and the Boards of Judges for both 1956 and 1957 will be among the honored guests.

Recently General Douglas MacArthur, who is chairman of the foundation's National Advisory Board, made this comment: "Football is one of the greatest of character builders. . . . It has a marked influence, comparable to that of any other single American institution, on the moral problems which men face, not only on the field of battle but in business, in the professions and in their daily lives. It is a boon to this nation that the game has obtained such prominence and acceptance."

There could hardly be more conclusive evidence than the group to be honored on October 28.

Unless perhaps it is the man who will be making the main address that night—another sometime football player and graduate of the class of 1913 at the U.S. Military Academy: Dwight D. Eisenhower.



EISENHOWER
AT WEST POINT

Harry R. Rogers

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FOOTBALL'S 4TH WEEK

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THE EAST

While Army and Navy, the East's best, were displaying their talents in the Midwest, the Ivies took over the spotlight at Annapolis and created a minor stir as Dartmouth showed it has the muscles to challenge Princeton for league honors, and Columbia upset Yale.

Brown, taping deliciously with dreams of Ivy League supremacy after victories over Columbia and Yale, was shocked into reality by a hard-hitting, rapped-defending Dartmouth team which held the Bruin backs to a measly 52 yards and struck swiftly and smartly from its V formation for a 20-0 triumph.

Meanwhile, Princeton sport most of



BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback Joe Trautwein manipulated tricky wing-T attack to outfox Michigan, passed for two TDs, set up another in 20-14 Navy win.

a costly, windy afternoon trying to overhaul Penn, finally succeeded for good when Fullback Fred Tiley crashed over from the one-yard line in the closing minutes to put the Tigers ahead 20-14. Sophomore Tailback John L. Sullivan took over when Dan Sachs was lagged off with a back injury, sparked Princeton to three touchdowns before he, too, limped off.

Columbia, badly battered in 10 straight losses, finally emerged from the depths to upset Yale 13-0 after Guard Gene Appel found himself in possession of an errant Eli pass and carried it back 65 yards for a touchdown. Harvard, unbeaten so far this year, uncovered Charlie Ravensel, a slick little sophomore quarterback, who led the Cantabs to a 20-0 win over favored Lehigh.

Noters, hardly looking itself for two periods while Richmond's Spiders spun a near web around the Scarlet attack, was inspired by Fullback Billy Austin (see

page 75) in the third quarter, belatedly mustered enough power to win 23-22 and remain among the East's unbeaten. Syracuse dipped down into the fourth and fifth stanzas in an attempt to hold down the score, but still thrashed inept Cornell 55-4. The top three:

1. ARMY (3-0)
2. NAVY (3-0)
3. RUT (3-1)

THE SOUTH

LSU, a least pregame favorite, used big-gun Fullback Billy Casten as a decoy, sent the rest of its high-speed backfield against a porous Miami line to ring up the South's surprise of the week 41-0. The unbeaten Tigers, certain of their running game, have now developed a quick-as-a-cat line and capable passing, are suddenly a factor in the SEC.

Auburn, tipped off to Kentucky's leaky pass defense, added an aerial barrage to its wonderfully consistent defense and rumbled past the Wildcats 8-0. Quarterback Lloyd Nix did most of the Auburn pitching, lobbing the big one to Fullback Jimmy Lamer, who sprinted 43 yards for a fourth-period touchdown.

Turning loose its superb ground attack, Mississippi took advantage of Tulane's bad breaks to dump the Greenies 19-8 and remain unbeaten. Tulane lost a chance for a final, spectacular score in the last period when Quarterback Hishia Penitron, securing a kickoff, slipped and fell in the clear on the Mississippi 14-yard line.

Clemson failed on a two-point conversion when trailing Vanderbilt by a point, but pulled out a 15-7 thriller on Quarterback Blarney White's desperate dive into the end zone with nine seconds to play.

Playing the kicking game for all it was worth, Georgia Tech used a 14-yard field goal by Tommy Wells and a 74-yard punt return by Frank Nix to go ahead

8-6, and a 72-yard quick kick by Joe DeLany to stay there, in a 23-7 victory over Tennessee.

In other games, Texas A&M drove 88 yards to punch ahead 14-10 in the third quarter, had no trouble holding off Bowling Maryland for the rest of the game; North Carolina punched out a second-quarter touchdown and then sat on it to beat North Carolina 6-0; Wake Forest kept pace with Clemson at the top of the Atlantic Coast heap, beating North Carolina State's defending champions 13-7; Duke overcame Baylor 12-7; West Virginia baffled and puffed through a 23-point last period, but it wasn't quite good enough to catch Ruston U., a 16-00 winner; Georgia, getting off its back after a shaky start, beat Florida State 28-13. The top three:

1. ARMY (3-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI (3-0)
3. CLEMSON (3-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas, smelling upset blood after three periods of hard-nose football with Oklahoma, called on sub Quarterback Vince



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Guard Al Krusch threw key block on 60-yard run, was constant irritation to Brown linemen and backs as Dartmouth won 20-0.

Matthews (see page 8) to lead an arm in the last quarter, got just the pickup it needed when he completed six out of seven passes to bring the Longhorns to the Sooner seven-yard line. In came regular Quarterback Bobby Lacey, who aimed a jump pass over the middle to End Bob Bryant to tie the score at 14-14, then calmly kicked the extra point to lower the boom on prestige-heavy Oklahoma 15-14 (see page 15), as gook-eyed Texans set off a roar that set all of Dallas jumping.

With Southwest Conference action still in the embryonic stage, Rice found a sparkplug in sophomore Quarterback Alvin Hartman, who scored once and passed 26 yards for another touchdown, bringing the Owls a 24-0 victory over Arkansas and a share in the SWC lead with TCU and Baylor.

TCU's Marvin Louder, an unhappy young man while flourishing in his team's first three games, suddenly found him-

TOP TEN SMALL COLLEGES

1. NORTHEAST OREGON (3-0)
2. WILLAMETTE (3-0)
3. ARIZONA ST. (FLAGSHIP) (3-0)
4. MIDDLE TENNESSEE (3-0)
5. LAMAR TECH (TEXAS) (3-0)
6. CENTRAL MICHIGAN (3-0)
7. MENDOCINO VALLEY (3-0)
8. EAST TEXAS STATE (3-0)
9. CALIF. POLYTECHNIC (SAN LUIS OBISPO) (3-0)
10. TAMPA UNIVERSITY (3-0)

Jimmy Jemil's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you think it is right for Peru's Alex Olsondo to be selected for the U.S. Davis Cup team?*



DON EUDGE
1972 Grand Slam champion
New York City

Yes. He qualifies because he has lived in this country for the specified time. Selecting Olsondo isn't saying there is something wrong with our tennis. However, we should stimulate more interest here to match Australia's.



VINCENT RICHARDS
U.S. Junior champion
1919, '21 and '24
New York City

No. It is a sad commentary on American tennis. What's happened to our boys? Alex is a fine player, but why make an exception for him? Pancho Segura of Ecuador, a really great player, never represented us.



THOMAS O. PRINCE III
Student, Claremont
Men's College,
Claremont, Calif.

That's a tough question for me because Alejandro Olsondo is a very good friend of my sister. He gave her the last big trophy he won. My answer is a reluctant yes, because he might give Ann the Davis Cup if we win it.

continued

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FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

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NOTBOX continued



**MAUREEN
CONNOLLY BRINKER**
1952 Grand Slam
champion
San Diego, Calif.

I'm torn between two views. It's sad for a great country to ask an outsider to play on its team. But Peru has no Davis Cup team. Alex is a fine boy, and it would be wonderful for him to get the chance for Davis Cup play.



HENRY HEPPNER
Secretary-treasurer
National Tennis
Hall of Fame
Newport, R.I.

Ornido has lived in the United States for five years and is accepted by his friends and by his college as one of us. If he is good enough, I'm definitely in favor of his selection for the team. It is not as though he has been here only six months.



BOBBY RIGGS
1959 U.S. and
Wimbledon champion
Manhasset, N.Y.

Although Ornido is qualified, we would be showing our weakness to select him. Recently, I advised him to refuse if selected and eventually play for Peru. That would give Peru world-wide publicity. Ornido could become world champion.



**BRIG. GENERAL
ROYAL HATCH JR.**
Deputy for
National Guard Affairs
Birmingham

Yes, I've watched the tournaments at Forest Hills and it seems to me it would be highly unfair to scratch a sportsman like Ornido. Besides tennis is a form of international relations and Ornido meets our standards.



HELEN WILLS MOAK
Seven-time U.S.
champion
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

In the past only U.S. citizens were chosen. I think that's a good rule because it encourages them to play. I see no point in selecting others, although it would be nice if a sportsman like Ornido qualified as a citizen.

A lady in a man's game

Yesterday . . . Racer Gwenda Hawkes broke speed records as some wives break dishes

ON a cold, rainy November morning in 1921 a small crowd gathered to watch Gwenda Hawkes, a slight, intense young Englishwoman, confidently straddle a curious two-wheeled American machine called a Ner-a-car, which belied its pretensions to close relationship with the automobile by its appearance. At best it was a mere motorized scooter. It ran on all of one cylinder and its only means of stopping was a single rear-wheel brake. Under official scrutiny its daily runs of 190 miles, Mrs. Hawkes miraculously survived 1,600 grueling miles on the fragile machine over icy roads without a spill or breakdown. And although the failure of the Ner-a-car to attract British customers was no fault of Mrs. Hawkes, there is no doubt that any asset it may have had was overshadowed by this amazing performance.

This was precisely the kind of challenge Mrs. Hawkes (whose name in those days was Stewart) liked best. It was unusual, a little mad, and it was equal to anything any man had ever performed on the same machine—an accomplishment that she found especially satisfying. Too, it was an endurance record of its kind; and a record in Mrs. Hawkes's lesson was something that was either to be established or shattered—preferably by herself. Her ability to do both is now racing history.

Some of Mrs. Hawkes's records stand today: the five-mile and 10-mile (at 140.17 mph and 128.34 mph), set in a Derby-Miller at France's Monthlery track in 1933 and 1934. Others were only recently broken. Her 10- and 50-mile records (at 105 mph and 104.5 mph), set in an L109 cc. Morgan Three-Wheeler in 1931, were not topped until 1954. In the following year her record run on the Morgan for five miles, flying start, at 110.5 mph, finally gave way. And in 1956 her remaining Morgan record, set at Monthlery for 100 miles,

standing start, at 102 mph, was broken by the daredevil Mark on a BMW motorcycle and sidecar. Men, in each case, broke her records.

In the early days of her racing career Mrs. Hawkes preferred the motorcycle, a machine of great prestige at the time. A year after the Ner-a-car episode, she rode a 234-hp Trump-J.A.F. continuously around England's two-mile Brooklands track for 24 hours at an average speed of 44.66 mph. The time was clocked in two periods of 12 hours because the Brooklands neighbors complained vigorously about the noise when



AT SUCCESSFUL 1925 race, Mrs. Hawkes starkly shone as favorite Derby-Miller

racing went on through the night. This was the first time a mark of the kind had been set. Considering that Brooklands has always been a rough track and motorcycle of the day were not blessed with hydraulic shock absorbers, the feat is remarkable. At sundown on the second day, a crowd assembled to welcome Mrs. Hawkes as she rode beneath Mem-

bers' Bridge. She was lifted off the machine and carried off on the shoulders of a cheering and appreciative mob.

In 1925 she again distinguished herself, this time at the Monthlery track, with the assistance of racing enthusiast Colonel R. N. Stewart, at the time her husband and partner. Dressed in a sporty blue Sidest suit and crash helmet, she dropped the clutch on a 346 cc. Rudge motorcycle and streaked off down the straightaway averaging one minute 40 seconds to the lap for two exhausting hours. She then turned into the pits, where Stewart refueled and took the handle bars himself for a two-hour spin. They rode two hours on and two hours off until shortly after 10 o'clock the next morning. By this time they had set a new track record at Monthlery, had broken 21 long-distance motorcycle records and all marks in their class.

In search of still more adventure, Mrs. Hawkes turned to automobiles in the beginning of the '30s. On a day in December 1939 she brought glory to the Derby-Miller with a record for 10 miles, standing start, at 137 mph. She achieved this startling performance in a relatively tiny car (2,096 cc., two-thirds the size of a Chevy 4). The previous record holder had been Leon Duray, an American, behind the wheel of a Packard. Indianapolis drivers today aren't driving much faster, and their equipment and track are considered far superior.

Five years later at Brooklands Mrs. Hawkes became the first woman to circle the track at more than 130 mph. In 1935, in one of her rare appearances in a race, she teamed with George Duller in a Duesenberg at Brooklands and took an incredible seventh place in the British-Racing Drivers 500, an event which is in all respects as torturous and demanding as the U.S.'s own Indianapolis "500."

Despite these successes, for the most part Mrs. Hawkes shunned public competition. She preferred to race records rather than drivers. Records to her were cold facts, with no regard to sex. They could be challenged alone on the track.

Daughter of Major General Sir Frederic Manley Glubb, who so distinguished himself in World War I that he was promoted in the field, and sister of Glubb Pasha of the Arab Legion, a world-famous adventurer, Mrs. Hawkes was encouraged, and perhaps challenged, by her family

continued

DYNEL

LADY IN A MAN'S GAME continued

background. She herself drove an ambulance during the war through dangerous territory and was given the Cross of St. George and the Cross of St. Stanislaus. And yet this was little compensation for a girl who desperately wanted to triumph over man-made goals.

Never renowned for her beauty—as was her nearest competitor, Kay Petre—Gwenda Jansson Stewart Hawkes nevertheless married three times, and always to men who shared her love for any machine on wheels. Her first husband, an army colonel named Janson, was with the Spyker auto company. Colonel Stewart was the managing director of Trump Motorcycles; her present husband, Douglas Hawkes, besides being a designer and engineer of some note, drove in the Indianapolis "500" and the tough Tourist Trophy.

RETREAT TO GAIL

The Hawkses settled for many years in France, a country that takes its motoring seriously and where Mrs. Hawkes's reputation is well established. Living in a comfortable bungalow so near the Montlhéry track that the roar of the motors could always be heard, they set up a small factory to produce the front-wheel-drive Derby sports car. In a Derby Special Mrs. Hawkes checked even herself when she began a lonely day's work, gradually gathered speed and then actually beat the lap record at an average of 145.94 mph. A month later she made a sensational run pushing the car up to 147.67 mph for a new Montlhéry lap record. When this record was finally broken, it was exceeded by less than one mile per hour in a car half again as large. A man, of course, broke the record.

During World War II the Hawkses confined themselves to the business of pistons and valves. With the war over, they turned from racing motorcycles and automobiles to yachting. They bought a yawl, *Elpis*, which they immediately accepted as a challenge. In search of the same kind of perfection with sails as they had achieved with motors, the Hawkses sail the Mediterranean. But there is a difference these days. A mellowed Gwenda Hawkes is no longer in stern competition with men. And her boat is real—not one of your fly-by-night *Neva-boats*.

—SHERRY KEEN

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what's the score?

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SCOREBOARD

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's

weekly roundup of

what's happened in

the world of sport.



self, scored one touchdown and set up two others to help beat Texas Tech 25-6.

Colorado, with one eye focused on the still-distant game with Oklahoma, thumped Arizona 64-12 as Howard Cook, an able successor to All-American Bob Strassley, ran for four touchdowns. The top three:

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. TEX (3-0)
3. ARIZ (1-1)

THE HIGHEST

Kansas football, long considered second-rate in comparison with midwestern standards, raised up its stature but it took the armed forces to turn the trick.

Also, explosive creative good and unbounded enthusiasm, sent linebackers Pete Franklin and Bob Atkinson, doing inside and outside the tackles, gave ground on defense only when it didn't matter because dogged, unspectacular Nate Shaw 14-0.

Say, wound up on the short end of the statistics, but on the long end of a 20-14 score against Eastern Michigan. Quarterback Joe Tranchesi (see left), as elusive as a rockfish on a kitchen floor, passed the Wolverines dizzy, totaling 37 yards to find Dick Zornowinski for the winning touchdown with five seconds to play.

Pin, another eastern power, was not quite so fortunate, losing 22-8 to Michigan State's superior manpower and belt. State hugged the ground, threw only nine passes. Observed Spartan Coach Duffy Daugherty facetiously: "We don't need more passing, just more completions."

Outweighed 80 pounds per man but not outgamed, spirited Illinois pressed up the inside, forced little State to run outside, gave Coach Woody Hayes food for thought before his Buckeyes were down the Illinois 13-11.

Dark horse Wisconsin moved alongside

continued

4TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PGT	FG	PTS.
Pete Hawkins, Army	7	0	0	42
Howard Cook, Colorado	6	3	1	41
Bob Patton, California	6	0	0	36
RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.	
Dick Bass, CDP	38	562	14.8	
Dave DeGraw, New Mexico	26	385	14.8	
Walter Carter, Duke	49	326	6.7	

PASSING	A	G	PCT	YDS.	TD
Dick Zornowinski, Wash. St.	12	17	70.6	187	6
Steve Wootley, Virginia	10	32	31.3	157	3
Sam Hunsicker, Utah	71	39	55.1	485	4
TOTAL YARDS	R	P	YDS.		
Bill Holliman, Va. Tech	11	12	107		
Dick Bass, CDP	38	0	562		
Steve Wootley, Virginia	61	17	745		

TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE PLAYS	YDS.	GAMES	AVG.
Colorado	225	1,307	410.0
Army	223	1,336	423.3
CDP	186	1,273	424.3
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE PLAYS	YDS.	GAMES	AVG.
Arizona	171	233	42.0
North Texas St.	207	311	134.0
Michigan St.	149	437	145.7



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FOOTBALL'S 4TH WEEK continued

Ole State, Northwestern and Iowa in the Big Ten race, making capital of Purdue's errors to roll to an easy 31-6 victory. Black young Northwestern, with Sophomore Quarterback Dick Thornton (see below) showing the way, stormed 38 yards in the final minutes to win Minnesota 7-1, while Iowa hit defenses Indiana hard and often to win 24-13.

Missouri found prosperity hard to take and blew a 19-point lead before losing to SMU 32-19. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (3-0)
2. WISCONSIN (2-0)
3. MICHIGAN STATE (2-0-1)

THE WEST

Oregon found an offense named Willie West, who charged 64 yards in the opening minutes, to match its air-tight defense and led the past 1:30 25-0 into first place in the PCC.

Coach Jack Curtiss, who has long claimed that football was for fun and laughs but has had little occasion for either since he arrived at Stanford, was



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: Northwestern Quarterback Dick Thornton (left) scored in last minute to beat Minnesota 7-1; Vince Matthews, another quarterback, charged from anonymity at Texas Tech, fired drive that upset Oklahoma.

beginning to chuckle again after his three-throwed Indians beat Washington 22-12.

California's Joe Kapp put on another dazzling show for the home folks with his ball handling and passing in a 36-21 victory over Utah.

Oregon State and UCLA were riding their wheels after 181s with outsiders. Wyoming, the clan of the Skyline Conference, gave a 28-8 (attempting to lack-luster Oregon State; although UCLA End Dick Widen, rated 10 of Tackle Don Long's passes, Florida beat the disappointed Bruins 21-14).

COTY: Dick Hawthorne at it again on June 25, battering and clattering his way to one touchdown and 130 yards in less than half a game as the undebated Tiger visited Brigham Young 20-0.

Equality at home on the ground and in the air, the Air Force kept its string going, scoring past Colorado State 30-0. The top three:

1. COLLEGE OF PACIFIC (2-0)
2. OREGON STATE (2-0)
3. AIR FORCE (2-0-1)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

WISCONSIN VS. IOWA

A battle between the Midwest's two best quarterbacks, Wisconsin's Dale Harshbarger and Iowa's Ronny Dwyer, but the Badgers have the stronger defense. **WISCONSIN.**

PURDUE VS. MICHIGAN STATE

Purdue has a tendency to make too many mistakes, and the Boilers' seniors can't afford even one against the short Spartans. Boon Luck's running and greater depth make the choice **MICHIGAN STATE.**

MICHIGAN VS. NORTHWESTERN

Northwestern's surprising Wildcats have chewed up three straight opponents, but they don't have the manpower to hold Michigan's multiple offense. **MICHIGAN.**

ARIZONA VS. GEORGIA TECH

Arizona doesn't scare much but neither does the opposition Georgia Tech's wide-open staff won't be good enough to dent the hog and fast Thunder AL BURN.

KENTUCKY VS. LSU

Kentucky's two defense needs mending, but the Wildcats have good backs and will be a real test for underdog LSU. Because this game is in Baton Rouge—a shade to LSU.

NORTH CAROLINA VS. MARYLAND

This is one Coach Jim Tatum blow town, and he will handle the sturdy Tar Heels fired up for Maryland, which quivered badly against Texas A&M. **NORTH CAROLINA.**

SMU VS. MCG

Rice has come up with a fine passer in Al Harman, but the SMU line gives Don Meredith better protection, so I have to pick the Mustangs to make the Owl blink. **SMU.**

USC VS. CALIFORNIA

California's Joe Kapp is the best quarterback I have seen this year. He passes, runs and manipulates the Bear attack with finesse and will be too much for USC to handle. **CALIFORNIA.**

OREGON VS. WASHINGTON STATE

Oregon has the defense to control Washington State even if Bob Newsum is healthy again. **OREGON.**

PENN STATE VS. BOSTON U.

This NCAA rebroadcast game will be my assignment on NBC-TV, and it should be a good one to watch. I won't pick a winner. The question here is: Can BU's fine offense score against rough, tough Penn State?

LAST WEEK'S CORRECTIONS:
8 RIGHT, 3 WRONG
RETURN TO DATE: 10-1

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports
information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

NATIONAL NEW YORK TIMES won Melvin Bell's 1964 Pulitzer Prize for World Service Journalism. It was the first time a newspaper from New York City won the Pulitzer Prize.

BOSTON BARNETT PAT. RUSSELL, U.S. 12-mile champion, won the 12-mile race at the 1964 U.S. Olympic Games in Rome, Italy. He was the first American to win the 12-mile race at the Olympics.

BOSCH won the 1964 U.S. Olympic Games in Rome, Italy. He was the first American to win the 12-mile race at the Olympics.

CONGRESSIONAL JAMES K. HARRIS, U.S. 12-mile champion, won the 12-mile race at the 1964 U.S. Olympic Games in Rome, Italy.

DOE won the 1964 U.S. Olympic Games in Rome, Italy. He was the first American to win the 12-mile race at the Olympics.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4. James H. Harrison, Jr., M. E. Warner, Jr., U.S. 12-mile champion, won the 12-mile race at the 1964 U.S. Olympic Games in Rome, Italy. He was the first American to win the 12-mile race at the Olympics.

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Only the best is good enough for their Majesties,
your guests... In a frappe, highball or on the rocks
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Imagine you just press the button and the clock is set! First button (left) is a battery-operated switch. Press it and it means volume down and the radio starts off automatically. Push additional "power" adds in more time (up to one hour). Remaining buttons are: "on," "off," "radio," and "radio plus alarm." New one is Philco's "radio plus alarm" clock. An automatic clock that will forget this even happens hands. Sets or better, more, volume. See it at your Philco dealer's.

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faces in the crowd . . .



MARISSA STEPHENSON, 11, won 250-year-old Newmarket Yearling Plate at Newmarket, England, although the youngest rider in the four-mile race. Charles H. established and won the classic race in 1858.

JOHN BLUM, Army major sergeant of Andover, Mass., ran third in 19,000-meter relay-race country at Reno, Nev., to help U.S. win five-event pentathlon. Help U.S. win 4,800-point relay with total 5,815 points in contest.



LARRY EITZ, 12, of Ringwood, N.J., despite boy's with place knock in the Nationals, U.S. Nationals NARCAH (sweepstakes), earned enough points to win Grand National driver's championship for the second time.

TOM COUNTRY, holder of 250-yard world record and 1960-meter Olympic champion, an expert soccer team's coach job at Harvard University, studied in business school, will work with old Army coach, Bill McCarty.



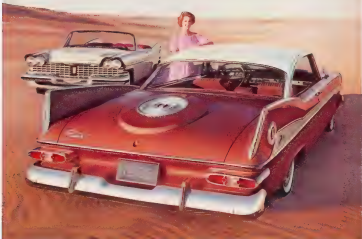
DAN CULLEN, former Green Bay Packer and from Reno, Nev., set a world record in trapshooting by dropping 209 of 190 targets in 100 seconds in 1960. Cullen's record is the highest in the history of the National Gun Club's fall tournament at Las Vegas.

THOMAS KIDNEY, owner of 1-year-old bay, Round Table, entered out in Hawthorne's Gold Cup where \$15,250 first-money made Round Table richest horse in racing history with \$1,035,961 total for three-year career.



LUDWIG VASILE, 19-year-old, who won more than 1,000 races in a 14-year career as a jockey, received posthumous induction as writer and broadcaster elected him to National Jockey Hall of Fame, Phoenix.

IF IT'S NEW, PLYMOUTH'S GOT IT!



Year 2000/1001 average at 2000/1001 rainfall levels (mm) $\rightarrow$ 1.0, 1.5, 2.0, 2.5, 3.0, 3.5, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.5, 6.0, 6.5, 7.0, 7.5, 8.0, 8.5, 9.0, 9.5, 10.0

ANNOUNCING THE '59 PLYMOUTH Brings you new beauty, new features, and new FURY models at a new low price! Plus a new standard of performance with the New Golden Commando 395 Engine—

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YOU ENJOY NEW SWIVEL SEATS that make '88 Plymouth Sport Fury the easiest car to get in and out of. Trust seats swing smoothly with you so you enter or leave. New Plymouth sedatives in the low-price/afford-

YOU GET INSTANT HEAT at Sage by lunch with new Push-Button Heating and Ventilating Controls. No waiting for warmth on frigid mornings in '50 Plymouth's features with Plymouth's magic Push-Button Drive. All buttons conveniently grouped in an impressive new Master Control Center handy to your reach.

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RELAX . . . this is the GENUINE! You can spot a wholesomeness of flavor in **CABIN STILL**. How it gets there, we don't really know. May be our family way of genuine **COPPER DISTILLING** which creates our special Bourbon flavor. Or the **KENTUCKY WEATHER-RIPENING** that seasons it to a rare gentleness in airy, open-rick wooden warehouses. The important thing to you is to try it, if you want **A Bourbon Man's Bourbon**.

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VICTORY for Army was due largely to its captain, Pete Dawkins, who led teammates to 14-2 win over Notre Dame and was borne off the field by 480 West Point first classmen as the historic series again reached a temporary hiatus.



COMESUPPANCE for Oklahoma brought this grin to face of Texas Coach Darrell Royal as he was carried off the field by Guard H. G. Anderson (left) and Center Dan Petty following their 15-14 victory. For the previous six years the Sooners had been ruzzing the Texans.



CONFUSION of UCLA players is evident as Buck Jim Steffen is speared in 21-14 loss to Florida. Just before game-time Bruins learned that Head Coach George Dickerson, the late Red Sanders' replacement, had suffered a nervous breakdown.



EFFICIENCY highlighted the methodical performance of Michigan State in its 22-8 win over previously unbeaten Pitt. Here State Halfback Art Johnson (30) bulls through a gaping hole provided by MSU's powerful line to score two-point conversion on a pickshot.



SATISFACTION covered the features of Wisconsin's Dale Hackbart after he scored Badgers' second TD against previously undefeated Purdue. Wisconsin poured it on and humbled the Boilermakers 31-6.



ACCELERATION befitted the jet-age U.S. Air Force propels Falcon Halfback Jim Kerr on his way to a touchdown against Colorado State. The undefeated Air Force Academy, mistakenly predicted as being still a year away from big-time football, humiliated Colorado State 36-6 at Denver.



JUBILATION joined Northwestern Assistant Coach Alex Agnew and Quarterback Dick Thornton after last-minute victory over Minnesota by a 7-3 score.



UPSET was in air as Ohio State Tadde Dick Schmalz dumped Illinois Bark Don Grothe after a short gain. Underdog Ohio got close, but OSU won 19-13.



COMBINATION of Navy Harman blurs efforts to stop Michigan's Fred Julian, who reaps 15 yards. Navy regrouped and rallied for spectacular 20-14 win.

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
OCTOBER 26, 1955

COMEUPPANCE IN DALLAS

Texas vengeance after years of Oklahoma mistreatment was the biggest but not the only spectacular news of a hectic football weekend. There was retribution in South Bend as a brave young Army team outplayed Notre Dame and achieved an even split in the two-year revival of this highly charged rivalry. In Michigan the blessings were mixed: Navy demonstrated to the University of Michigan that air power is a vital element in a soldier's arsenal; Michigan State salvaged regional pride by repulsing previously undefeated Pittsburgh. Anyone who saw these games or the games captured in the pictures on the left will understand the pleasures our "Field and Campus" correspondent describes below.

by **ROY TERRELL**

ATTER six agonizing years Texans need no longer avert their eyes. Last Saturday afternoon a long-overdue account was settled in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas. Texas beat Oklahoma 15-14, thereby righting all the injustices of the recent past.

Football is more than a game in Texas; it is a way of life. The humiliation which Oklahoma has piled on Texas at the annual game in the Cotton Bowl in recent years can be compared with the memories of Santa Ana and the Alamo. Maybe even worse. It is one thing to lose honorably to a foreigner but something else when treachery plays a part. Oklahoma, during those past six years, was beating Texas with Texas.

Until Bud Wilkinson's formula for football victory first began to flourish at Oklahoma in 1953, this rugged old southwestern rivalry had been a mighty one-sided affair. Texas had won 30 and lost only 14 against the rivals from across the Red River. From the time of the Texas victory in 1951, however, until last Saturday, Oklahoma won 68 of its 72 games and

beat Texas without serious difficulty. One way the Sooners accomplished all this was by employing some of the finest athletic talent raised in Texas. On this year's Oklahoma roster, for instance, 21 come from Texas, eight of them members of the first two teams. The Texas football fan does not appreciate his own kith and kin going abroad—and then returning to help humiliate the home folks.

Well, all that was ended on Saturday—and perhaps something more.

Only a week before, when Oregon scared the Sooners ally before bowling 6-0, there had been an indication that perhaps Oklahoma's reign was coming to an end. Not that Oklahoma will lose again in 1955, for probably it will not. But no longer will it take a great team to beat the Big Red, only a good one playing reasonably inspired football, and last Saturday in Dallas this was just what happened. Texas, which has now won four straight games, is hardly a great football team. It is, however, a very good one and boy, can it get tough.

"We don't have the speed to be

(continued on page 71)

BREAKING UP THE BRAVES

- GAME 1** MASTERFUL MR. SPAHN
- GAME 2** BURDETTE, BRUTON AND 7 RUNS
- GAME 3** THE POINT OF SOME RETURN
- GAME 4** TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY
- GAME 5** STENGEL DEFIES THE ODDS

GAME 6 SAD END FOR MASTER SPAHN

At the close of our account of the fifth game of the 1958 World Series last week we said:

"Casey was still down, three games to two. He had an almost impossible job ahead, but his head was up and his voice was loud, and he was smiling as he headed for Milwaukee."

Everyone tolerated Casey Stengel's brave smile and admired his courageous tone of voice, but no one really believed that he and his New York Yankees had a chance. In fact, a good part of the sixth game went by before the onlookers began to realize that Stengel was not only defying the odds (which insisted that he had only the barest hope of winning the Series), he was changing them.

Warren Spahn, who had been superb in the first game of the Series and invincible in the fourth, was pitching against Stengel's Yanks again,

for the third time in six games. By the second inning he had a 2-1 lead—which should have been greater except for some fairly stupid base running on Milwaukee's part—but in the sixth inning, Spahn, perhaps in subconscious reaction to his teammates' failure to supply him with just a little better lead, just a small cushion, gave up the tying run to the Yankees on two hits, an error and a long fly ball.

Now it became suddenly obvious that Spahn, the master, was laboring, and that Stengel, no longer the underdog, was pressing him. Still Spahn pushed on, through the seventh and eighth and, finally, the ninth. He certainly had done all that anyone could have asked. He had pitched nine innings and had given up only two runs. Now, if they could score just once, the Braves could win the

World Series in the last of the ninth. Instead, three Braves struck out successively, diamally, depressingly, and Spahn lost the game to the first Yankee up in the 10th, Clete McCouglid, who hit a home run.

He lost another run later in the inning, and the Braves scored one at last, unlesnely, in their half of the 10th, but the game really ended on McCouglid's home run. Milwaukee Manager Fred Haney took Spahn out before the inning was over, and as the pitcher walked to the dugout with his brisk, athletic stride, his head down, the crowd in County Stadium rose and enveloped him in a huge, warm, appreciative roar of applause. It was only a baseball game, of course, only a childish pastime turned into adult amusement, but this was a moment to remember, this salute to a great pitcher in the time of his bitterest defeat.

As for Casey Stengel, the situation had changed. He was still smiling, but this time the onlookers could appreciate why. The odds favored him now.



ADAGIO OF VICTORY IS FINAL DANCE ON CENTER STAGE BY YOGI BERRA AND PITCHER BOB TURLET. YANKEES' BIGGEST HERO

GAME 7 THE WRECK OF ALL THE BRAVES

AND SO, unbelievably, the Series came down to a seventh game. There would be no life in this game, no tomorrow.

Attention focused on Casey Stengel. He had never given up in this Series, not even in the disastrous fourth game in Yankee Stadium when excruciatingly bad outfielding ruined Whitey Ford's fine pitching. That was the day he ran up the dugout steps, clapping his hands, shouting at his ballplayers, trying to keep them alive. That was the day that ended with the Yankee down, three games to one, and defeat in the Series all but certain.

But Stengel had rallied his team and had come back with two victories to tie the Series at three-all. Now all he had to do was win one more time. Faced with this problem, was he tense, worried? Writer-Reporter

Les Woodcock reported on the pregame scene in County Stadium:

"The sky was grey as Casey Stengel took his familiar position in the Yankee dugout about an hour and a half before the game started. Of course he was mobbed by reporters and, of course, he monopolized the conversation. For a man facing one of the most crucial games of his career, he seemed perfectly at ease as he talked and talked and talked. He talked about an umpire's decision the day before. He talked about post-season trades. He talked about Yogi Berra playing golf. He talked about Ryne Duren and his house. He talked about ex-Yankees like Cerr, Jensen, Triandos, and how good they are now. He mentioned another ex-Yankee, 'Look at Birdette, too. He pitches pretty good. I hope he doesn't today.'

"He talked about Roy Sievers and Lou Skizas and Ted Williams. He talked about hitting. He talked about Don Larsen and how well he could hit and what a good first baseman he might make. He talked about the scouting reports he had received on the Braves. He joked about his lineup for the day (he'd made out a couple and when they accidentally fell from his pocket to the bench he grabbed them up quickly, saying, 'I don't want you fellows to see the names I juggled around'). Of the game, the vital seventh game, he said: 'I feel better than I did earlier in the Series. I'm glad it went this far. My boys felt pretty good the last few days. Now they're either going to have a good winter or a bad winter. It depends in five hours.'

"The sun came out at 12:05 as Stengel was talking. The sky brightened, and the few clouds overhead eventually drifted away during the game."

Casey was relaxed, but the game itself was very tense until the eighth

continued on page 13

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Kim Mandle

One Man's Way to Reach the Summit

**Climber James McCarthy
picks the tough spots on
easy hills near home to
prepare himself for real tests
on big mountains of the world**

To anyone not well acquainted with the advanced techniques of mountaineering, Climber James McCarthy, an NYU undergraduate of Port Washington, New York, shown in the picture on the opposite page, would seem to have reached the end of his ropes and be hung up now like a giant spider in his own web, with little chance of going higher or getting back down. Actually, 25-year-old McCarthy, a climber of seven years' experience, is in no trouble at all. He is attacking a difficult overhang and, using the common methods and tools of the sport, has the situation well in hand. As the pictures on the following pages show, McCarthy has moved carefully and deliberately out under this ledge by driving pitons into the rock. McCarthy inserts into the snap link in each piton light, ladderlike stirrups in which he can stand and get purchase to work farther out and up the overhang. As he progresses outward, he is guyed up by two tension ropes which are handled by an unseen companion 40 feet below.

This overhang presents the sort of problem any advanced climber might face on any number of imposing mountains around the world. This particular overhang, however, is merely an unusually tough formation McCarthy found in the old, worn-down Shawangunk Mountains near his home. McCarthy spends many weekends in this area hunting out interesting problems that help keep him fit for the tougher tests he gets during the summers climbing the Dolomites, the French Alps and the Rockies. "Any hard climb anywhere," McCarthy points out, "is preparation, and even in such small mountains it is an end in itself, enjoyable for its own sake."

BRACING himself in the stirrups he has strung from pitons hammered into a high ridge of the Shawangunk Mountains, James McCarthy begins to work his way up the sheer face of an overhang.

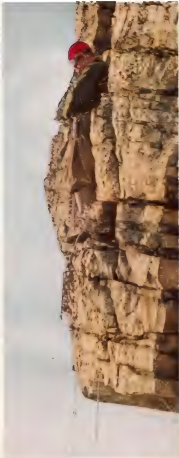


DANGLING IN SPACE, his only support the spider's web of ropes and stirrups he has firmly pitoned into rock, high-angle specialist McCarthy edges way carefully out under ceiling of six-foot overhang. This particular climb is considered the most difficult in the 200- to 250-foot high cliffs which, for a three-mile stretch, afford some of the toughest rock climbing in the U.S.





ROUNDING OVERHANG, McCarthy lets foot hang free before pounding in pitons in preparation for last, deliberate stage of rock climb.



AT REST AT LAST, McCarthy looks like a Gothic gargoyle on a cathedral spire. "Climbers," he says, "are people who relax in thin positions."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Eastward, Ho!

REMEMBER our telling you about Nancy Boeseke, the pretty blonde airline stewardess who stopped in to ask our advice because she had just been assigned to help fly the Yankees to Milwaukee and didn't know anything about baseball? Well, now she knows all about baseball, and she popped in again last week to tell us about it. We had to interrupt Nancy in the midst of a pretty technical discussion of Casey Stengel's field strategy to ask about her trip home with the Yanks.

"Well," she said, "it was quite a flight. Oh, my, I wish you'd had a reporter on board." As Nancy described the victorious return of the new world champions from the scene of their triumph we began to see what she meant.

The Yanks wasted no time getting back to the plane after the seventh game was over. Nancy, who had to leave County Stadium in the midst of the critical eighth inning, was scarcely settled in her galley when the boys came streaming across the tarmac. "At first they all just seemed sort of tired and glad to relax." The big DC-7 was barely airborne, however, when a subtle change began to be felt.

Well up in the nose of the plane as it headed for New York was a small group of conservatives making the usual preparations for a nice, lazy, feet-up, head-back-on-the-reclining-seat type flight. Somewhere amidst the middle-of-the-roads clustered uncertainly, riffling an occasional pack of cards and awaiting developments.

Toward the rear, in the neighborhood of Nancy's galley, were the ebullients, led by Whitey Ford and Don Larsen. It was in this charged area that the first explosions were heard

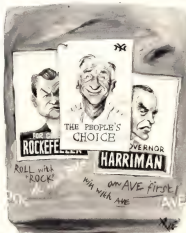
as Ford, Larsen and Nancy began popping the corks of the champagne thoughtfully stashed aboard by United Airlines.

Before a dozen bottles had been breached, the celebratory group was in full charge. Yogi Berra and Andy Carey promptly appointed themselves assistant stewardesses to make sure that the remaining champagne

was deployed to the best possible advantage. "It was kind of confusing in the galley at times," Nancy admitted. Meanwhile, scholarly, spectacled Ryne Duren moved up to take over the public-address system.

In the midst of the rising confusion that followed, grizzled Elder Statesman Casey Stengel was doing his

JOHN H. MONTGOMERY



ROCKY: Who's this fella that's blanketing our space?

AVE: Just a bank president from California, but it's a good thing. New York doesn't rate this week.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

level best to maintain a raffish exterior as he sat in deep confab with the Yankee front office boss, George Weiss. Nearby, good-natured Mrs. Stengel was beaming happily at her romping foster children.

Historians will probably never determine at precisely what moment Whiskey Ford decided to set a match to the champagne cork he held in his hand and to decorate with the resultant charcoal the face of his nearest



neighbor. Within seconds of this decision, however, black beards, goatees, sideburns, mustaches and Mephistophelean eyebrows were sprouting on all sides. Even old Casey's dignity was soon buried beneath a coat of warpaint that included a huge dollar sign on each of the ruddy Stengel cheeks.

"They were just a wonderful, wonderful crowd," said Nancy Boeske as she recalled these heady events. We agreed in theory but, being journalists by trade, we had to probe further. Wasn't there anything wrong with the Yankees? Well, yes, there was, Nancy finally admitted, only slightly frostfallen.

"What was it?" we asked.

They Said It

GEORGE WEISS, general manager of the New York Yankees, denying reports that Yankee management is unhappy with Casey Stengel and wishes he would retire. "A beautiful lie, and you can make that as strong as you like. Why, I just had lunch with Casey."

BIRDE TEBBETTS, respected Cincinnati baseball manager now with the Milwaukee Braves as executive vice president: "I'll never manage a major league club again. I've had it. And that you can bet your last dime on."

BALTIMORE BOOKMAKERS, informed that the city council was investigating the possibility of legalized off-track betting: "Right now, bookmaking is one of the businesses that anybody can get into if he's got the nerve and some good connections. It's a small business. It's individual enterprise. There's no overhead expense except maybe a pay-off now and then. Make it legal, and right away it gets to be just like running a store or a real estate office."

"Well," said Nancy, "they're mostly all married."

Barbecue Battle (cont.)

THE FIRST ROUND in the battle of the barbecues reported here last week, which joined Anthony Vasco, the barbecuer of Marlow Heights, Md., and his smoke-stuffed neighbor, Mrs. Walter Johnson, was won by Mr. Vasco. Police Court Judge Grover Lee Small dismissed the warrant against Vasco on a technicality.

The second round: Mrs. Johnson announced that she would ask the Health Department to bring charges against Mr. Vasco, the Health Department announced that it had no regulations covering barbecue grills. Mr. Vasco announced that he would stage a smokeless—well, practically smokeless—cookout for the Health Department.

Service Academies & Football

THE WIDEST point spread in sport, sometimes, is between the full-back and the Phi Beta Kappa. Passing marks for athletes is an old coaching problem, and nobody faces a sterner version of it than the coaches at Annapolis and West Point. Army and Navy athletes may not take credit courses in fly casting or social dancing. They may not even major in physical education. They study what everyone else does, and that in-

cludes a skull-cracking load of mathematics, science and English. The service academies are hard to get into and hard to remain in once you get there, and the athletic staffs of these institutions have had to devise ways to meet their special problem.

For Army, the solution is a six-week cram course. High school graduates of athletic promise are collected in a Cornwall, N.Y. prep school and stuffed with math and other oddities. Then, glaucous-eyed with knowledge, they are led off to their college entrance board exams. Partly as a result of this system, Army met and defeated Notre Dame last Saturday 14-2.

Annapolis does it differently. The Navy allots \$25,000 of its athletic receipts annually to help 300-odd high school athletes through a whole year of prep school. "We have found," says Captain Slade Cutter, Navy's Director of Athletics, "that short-term cramming for the entrance exams doesn't help. The boys will just junk out later." But a year of prep school helps quite a lot. In the opening lineup for last Saturday's game (Navy 20, Michigan 14), six players were products of the Navy's prep-school scholarship program, and the 44-man football squad includes 26 of them altogether. On this arrangement Navy has built its recent football power.

But a power failure seems to lie ahead. The Eastern College Athletic Conference, to which both Army and Navy belong, amended its Statement of Principles and Policies recently. The effect of the amendment is to ban Navy's year-long prep-school program and to validate Army's six-week cram session. Navy will not feel the effect until 1960, for the ECAC will allow the 31 boys now propping under Navy sponsorship to enter the Academy next year—if they can pass the entrance exams.

Columbian Preparatory School in Washington, D.C. is one of the two schools that take care of the Navy prodigals in no-nonsense fashion: two math courses; two English courses; a choice of trigonometry, chemistry or physics. "It's quite a bit harder than anything I've done before," says

Dick Kleinfeldt of Cincinnati, who plays left halfback for Columbian.

The Navy's prep-school scholarship program actually provides education for athletes, which a good many athletic scholarships virtuously claim to do but don't do very well. It fills in the gaps left by high-school teaching. Why, then, has the ECAC outlawed it? Well, the usual arguments against the Annapolis system run like this: 1) it is not the business of an educational institution to help applicants qualify for admission to it; 2) the "special problems" created by the high scholastic requirements of the service academies are becoming everybody's problems as schools all over the country raise their standards; and, most important to opposing coaches, 3) post-high-school prep gives boys an extra year of seasoning in both study and sport.

A revolution much like the ECAC's is now waiting for a vote in the National Collegiate Athletic Association, whose rulings affect not only the Army and Navy but the Air Force Academy as well. NCAA officials will meet next week in Chicago with representatives of the three service schools to discuss what concessions, if any, they may hope for if the NCAA amendment is passed at next January's convention. The amendment itself permits concessions if a two-thirds majority of the NCAA Council approves.

Well, now . . .

We have been keeping the tone of this exposition on the quiet side, because it is a complicated issue and because a lot of facts have to be set down on paper before we can offer our conclusions. But now we would like to commend the following doctrine to the NCAA in its coming deliberations.

In the United States of America—maybe not in England, France or some other countries, but in the United States of America—football is a rallying point for young men. Maybe someday, in this world of increasing specialization, the Army, Navy and Air Force can find their leaders of the future strictly the way the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (which plays no football)

finds them, i.e., through their grades on college boards. When and if that time comes, we guess maybe West Point, Annapolis and Colorado Springs might want to give up football, too. But, meanwhile, good service academy football is part of the American competitive tradition, and we would like to see the academics continue to play national schedules with fair chance of success, and continue thereby in some direct degree to enlist their share of the country's able and vigorous young men, whether football players or not.

If the service academies find that they need to give prep-school help to young men who can now play good football and will later make good officers, let the NCAA continue to give them the chance.

10-year Plan

HUGH GOODSON, the rather chubby but game chairman of the yachting group which built the unfortunate *Sceptre*, said the other day that the British would be back—possibly in 1961. The alarming thing, Goodson said, was that the best yachting

brains in Britain had been combed to produce an America's Cup winner, but to no avail.

The other day the same thought occurred to a pair of Australian brothers, Frank and John Livingston. The Livingston brothers were packing up their gear in their room at New York's Gotham Hotel, getting ready to hop home down under after the latest of two circumnavigations of the globe in search of ideas which might lead them to the possession of that most elusive of sailing trophies.

The Livingstons, a middle-aged team of hachelons who own extensive pastoral and timber lands and ran Texas-like numbers of cattle on their family stations, exude an air of traveling Highland chieftains, an effect which is heightened by brother John's inclination toward striding majestically up and down the deck of the family yacht while playing a wild Scots skirl on the bagpipes. Their visit to New York followed their attendance at the cup races at Newport, and was serious business.

"We conducted what you might term a post-mortem," said Frank.

continued



"All I can say, he wouldn't have been in such a fix had he used a fighting chair, 28-lb. and a 12/0 reel!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

"We spent one day with Ollie Stephens, one day with Colin Ratser, and one day over at the Stevens Institute test tank. It's all been most helpful, and most encouraging. We feel that the likelihood that the Americans had better do it damn slowly and damn carefully! They're a strong bunch, don't you know? The Japs tried it, and back that happened to them—sopped out!"

"We've spent one whole year on nothing but this cup business," said brother John. "Been around the world twice, talked to every designer in the business, looked at it from every angle, and where are we? Farther back than when we started!"

"We saw one chap at Bellini," said brother Frank. "He had an incredible design, nearly 1900-hp motor. Supposed to sail directly into the wind. It did, too. Just one thing wrong. Only worked when there was no breeze."

The brothers Livingston have been around boats for a good part of their lives. They've taken their yachts, all named *Karewa* (aboriginal for "fast-running fish") in such major deep-water races as the trans-Tasman Sea, the Sydney-Hobart and, with their sister Emily aboard as cook, the Los Angeles to Honolulu.

"We're in dead earnest about a challenge, you know," said brother John. "But there's much to be clarified. We had our lawyer ask the New York Yacht Club people what the word 'constructed' meant in the deed of gift of the cup. The club passed a resolution saying it meant 'designed and built' in the challenging country. Still doesn't tell us whether we might get an American designer to come to Australia. And I understand the Cubans are in the same, ah, boat."

"We've had a hell of a fright from what we saw at Newport. I don't mind saying," said brother Frank. "We're tackling you 60% on engineering, you know, and you've got to be pretty good to keep up with Stephens and Rhodes and Hunt."

"We're coming back next August to watch your 12 meters race in the New York Yacht Club cruise. We're just not going to be rushed. The only hope for a successful challenger is for

him to take it steady—you appreciate that, don't you?"

"Yes," said brother John, "we've got a 10-year plan. Either we'll be here with a boat by then, or we'll be too old to care."

How to Fly 11 mph

THINK SOME IT couldn't be done. It couldn't be done, couldn't be done. They were talking, you see, about the Custer Channel Wing 5, an airplane. And they meant it couldn't fly. Well, never mind about them. The Custer Channel Wing 5 can fly, and Mr. Willard R. Custer was showing its movies the other day that proved it.

Not only can the CCW-5 fly, Mr. Custer was splicing, but it can fly 11 miles an hour or 200 miles an hour, depending. And it will take off in a span of 90 feet. Just the thing, said Mr. Custer, an energetic man of 55, for contract-jumping football coaches who would loaf and snore at the 35-yard line. Mr. Custer showed down to 11 mph to introduce his partner in Channel Wing airplanes, Mr. Joe W. Frazer. Mr. Frazer, who quit school at 13 and formulated the channel-wing principle in 1933, has never made anything before this concept horseshoe for his father, a blacksmith in Hagerstown, Md. Mr. Frazer has made all manner of things, including Jeeps and Kahler-Frazer cars.

Mr. Custer was showing his movies in Mr. Frazer's East Side Manhattan apartment. Mr. Frazer's walls are heavy with scouces and paintings,

and his bookshelf contains *Wagner's France* and the poems and plays of W. B. Yeats. "Mr. Custer told me his organizational problems and I decided to help," said Mr. Frazer, easing himself into a brocade chair.

Certainly, Mr. Custer's problems were manifold. "They've been calling me a damned fool for 19 years," he said with feeling. "When I was a young man, I saw the wind one day blow the roof off a barn. The good Lord never built a runway for a barn roof, I told myself, and for 14 years I scratched my head trying to figure out how He got that roof to fly. Then one day I realized He had shot the wind over the roof rather than shooting the barn down a runway. That's what the channel wing does. Brings the wind to the wing instead of the other way around. So I mortgaged the house and started designing."

The channel wing Mr. Custer invented looks like a U, or like one of the horseshoes he used to make. The engine face the rear and draw "tornadoes" of air over the barn roof—over the wing, rather. Up goes the CCW-5. "The Civil Aeronautics Administration told me it wouldn't fly," said Mr. Custer, "and when it did they said I had to put more wing on it. I did but it's just for looks. The CCW 5 is the greatest advance in aviation since the Wright Brothers," said Mr. Custer, and he pounded his fist in his palm. "You'll see."

Whatever it is, early next year everybody will see, for the CCW-5 will go into production in Canada. The custom Custer wings will be attached to the conventional fuselage of a Bauman Brigadier, and fitted with two 160-hp Continental engines. "The whole thing will sell for \$55,000," said Mr. Frazer, returning from a long long-distance telephone call. "But it will outperform comparably priced private planes, I'll tell you. Why just imagine," continued Mr. Frazer with growing enthusiasm, "a fisherman can put pontoons on his CCW 5 and set her down on any little lake. Just think, a hunter can put skis on his CCW-5 and bag himself a timberwolf. This thing," said Mr. Frazer as Mr. Custer nodded vigorous assent, "will be the Jeep of the Air!"



Green Ace

A golf ball Tex had never seen: He thought it looked like him. He wiped his favorite iron clean And shot a hole in one.

—SRI-ART BURNETT



PIUS XII CONGRATULATES ITALIAN BASKETBALL PLAYER AFTER 1950 DEMONSTRATION OF THE GAME IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE

REQUIEM FOR A FRIEND

THIS MAGAZINE'S half decade of existence seems but insignificant in time and portent beside the long and fruitful life of the sports lover shown here. Nevertheless, during the years we shared with His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, this magazine was more than once privileged to illumine its pages with the light shed by this most modern and sympathetic of Popes on the field of its own particular preoccupation.

The world of sport as such is not and can never be the major concern of the Holy See, yet Pius XII time and again proved his right to the title, friend of sport. An enthusiastic swimmer and horseman in his younger days, he lent the full prestige of the papacy to Italy's postwar sports renaissance. As ardently as any other Italian sportsman and patriot, he looked forward to Rome's welcome of the world's greatest athletes in the

1960 Olympiad. He was, incidentally, the first Pope to install a gymnasium in the Vatican itself.

Pius XII's reflections on sport, many of which we were able to share with our readers, were invariably lit by the understanding of one who saw in the clean pursuit of sport something more than mere recreation in the popular sense of the word. "Power and harmony, order and beauty, effort, victory and the renewal of achieving a record . . . these are the ideal goals longed for by every athlete," said the Pontiff three years ago this month. "Technique alone not only impedes the acquirement of those spiritual boons which sport has for its aim to achieve but, even when leading to victory, satisfies neither him who employs it nor those who watch. Whenever there is a question of human activity, the spirit must predominate over technique."

Now that Pius XII is gone, we at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would like to think that we shared with him not only a brief coexistence but a deep respect as well for the idea that sport corresponds to important elements in spiritual man; elements that must neither be devalued in principle nor debased in practice. Here, in Pius' own words, are some standards to strive for: "Loyalty that excludes taking refuge in subterfuges, docility and obedience to the director charged with the training of the team, the spirit of self-renunciation when one has to fade into the background to further the interests of the team, fidelity to obligations undertaken, modesty in victory, serenity in adverse fortune, patience toward spectators who are not always moderate . . . and in general that chastity and temperance recommended by the ancients themselves."

END

By Linda A. Irwin Zimmerman



ELMER LAM IS HIS NAME, HE IS THE SHENANDOAH'S LATTER-DAY STONEWALL

'WATCH OUT FOR ELMER'

In high school football circles in the Shenandoah Valley this fall the grapevine word is, "Watch out for Elmer"—Elmer Lam, that is, of Elkton High. And the chances are good that, as you read this, college football scouts are parking valiant and eager bugs for reconnaissance missions into the valley. Wedged between the Blue Ridge and Massanutten mountains of Virginia, they will find the town of Elkton (pop. 1,300). And in Elkton, living on the lip of

a rock quarry with the shifting limestone dust and his widowed grandmother, is Elmer. And Elmer can play football in that valley about as well as Stonewall Jackson could whip Yankees.

Not that Elmer Roy Lam, a well-rounded boy, makes anything big out of football. When autumn comes to Elkton he just plays. And the 124 pounds he has scored or set up in the first five games for Elkton High this year are merely what comes of his

playing. Other times he is fully concerned with the other particulars of his 16-year-old, 6-foot 3-inch, 165-pound existence. Elmer's steady girlfriend, Jo Ann Menger, is a cheerful cheerleader who lets Elmer buy her Pepsi's and hamburgers after school. She wears her cleaving shoe 1½ on her size 6 finger, and he wears hers on a chain. Elmer maintains a good B average so he can go to college next fall (Elmer and two girls are all there is to French 11 at Elkton). And



AFTER PRACTICE, ELMER AND JO ANN MEET



WITH FRIENDS AT THE CORNER DRUGSTORE



GAME DAY BEGINS AT GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE. SOLDIER DAD SERVES IN HAWAII

he is assistant business manager of the yearbook and president of the Monogram Club. He has also lettered in track, baseball and basketball.

Last year there were 15 on the Elkton High football squad. This year, two days before the opener with a 36-man team from Winchester, there were only 10—and four of those were converts from the marching band. Coach Gene Giuseppe had to make a room-to-room appeal to fill out the squad. But Halbaek Lam tossed

four touchdown passes over the heads of Winchester, ran one himself and kicked five extra points. The final score was 35-0. The next opponent, Strasburg, duly warned, smothered Elmer's receivers; so Elmer ran for three touchdowns and kicked two points to make it 32-0. The next week against Dayton it was 41-0, only this time Elmer scored all the points. "I couldn't have done it without the blocking," he said. Perhaps the seniors should look the whole team over.

OLD NO. 22 SCORES AGAIN FOR ELKTON HIGH





MRS. HENRY G. HITLSON JR.'S SUIT BY LARVIN CASTELLO IS OF HEATSEAL GRAY TRICED WITH PINK COLLAR, MATCHING HAT

CHAMPAGNE AND TWEED AT BELMONT

THE \$120,000 Champagne Stakes at New York's Belmont Park, won last Saturday by First Landing with Eddie Arcareo up, is a time-honored exhibition of the best of the country's 2-year-olds. Coming as it does at first-frost time, it is also a moment when the casual camera can catch the fall clothes that are succeeding most impressively. The chateaines of Turf and Field Club boxes put their stamp on a new line, a trend, a mode as they move from grandstand to paddock under Belmont's dappling oaks, carrying with them the authority of the unmistakably well-dressed. One of the most striking of them all is Mrs. Henry Hutton Jr. (left). She was first photographed by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at Belmont four fall ago, as was Mrs. Charlton Henry (below). Then, as now, their preference for the races was tweed, but tweed worn with a difference, turned and tailored in a new fashion by the couturier's hand. This year's tweeds reflect the shapes of this season's fashion: large collars, often lavishly fur-trimmed; capes and jumpers; abbreviated jackets and the high waist of the Empire line.

Photographs by Morton Nathan

MRS. W. HORACE SCHMIDLAPPE's tweed cap-jumper is worn over knit dress. Costume was designed by Mrs. Jurevich.



LAURA LEONARD, in paddock with Robert Stravbridge of Philadelphia, wears a great cape with great collar of red Shetland tweed.



MRS. CHARLTON HENRY's walking suit is of black-and-blue tweed with pale repeating collar of the (Empire) collar.



MRS. JOHN A. MORRIS wears voluminous, abbreviated English lamb jacket, matching gillbox with tweed dress. Colors of husband's racing stables are one of the country's oldest.



IN A SASKATCHEWAN STUBBLE FIELD, ALFRED COCHRAN WAITS FOR DUCKS

AUTUMN HARVEST

AUTUMN on the vast golden prairies of Saskatchewan is a time of harvest and of plenty. Farmers work long days in the fields of yellow wheat, combines rumble along endless swaths of new-cut grain and ducks stir restlessly on watery sloughs and potholes. Once again, in the largest waterfowl nesting area in the world, the great migration south begins, repeating an ageless cycle of flight and return. Millions of mallards, teal, pintails and baldpates lift skyward, leaving behind until spring the plains and marshes of their birth. And as they wing across Saskatchewan's 125,460 square miles of duck-shooting country, hunters like those shown here will reap still another of autumn's bountiful harvests.

(Photography by Virginia Acheson)



RETRIEVING A GIRD. Jill, a 3-year-old yellow Labrador, puddles through the weed-filled waters of a slough near Wynyard, Sask.

RECEIVING REWARD for a job well done, Jill is praised by owner and veteran Saskatchewan hunter Dr. E. G. DeMars of Minot, N.D.



RETURNING triumphant through a field of new swath and stubble, hunter Jon Lewis (left) of Bradenton, Fla., Barry Cannon of Wynyard, Dr. DeMont with JH, and Alfred Corbhan of Wynyard tote morning's bag after shoot.

RELAXING in comfort over hunters' breakfast and tall tales are E. L. Faytor, the province's Director of Wildlife (left), Wayne Miller and Jack Nordham of Wynyard, Dr. DeMont, Harold Pope of Wynyard and Al Corbhan.



BOB JONES RECEIVES FREEDOM OF ST. ANDREWS FROM EDWIN FORREST UNDER LATIN MOTTO: "WHILE I BREATHE I HOPE"

A CHAMPION RETURNS TO ST. ANDREWS

Photograph by Bruce Steel

JUST 28 YEARS AGO, on his way to an unparalleled sweep of the Open and Amateur golf titles of Britain and the U.S., an engaging young fellow from Georgia named Robert Tyre Jones met and memorably conquered the Old Course at St. Andrews, Scotland.

Last week Bob Jones, 58 and hobbled with a spinal ailment that bars him from active golf, returned to

Scotland as nonplaying captain of the U.S. team in the first world amateur team championships ever held. St. Andrews responded by conferring on Jones "the Freedom of the City and Royal Burgh," an honor which includes the right to dry his laundry on the sacred Old Course if he wants to. Last American comparably honored: Benjamin Franklin in 1753. **ene**

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New Chev's a full series of elegant Impalas, includes the new Sport Sedan shown here.



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It's shaped to the new American taste with a lean, clean silhouette, crisp new contours, beautifully restrained accents. It brings you more spaciousness and comfort. It has a bright new sheen—a new kind of finish that keeps its luster without waxing for up to three years. In fact, Chev's new right down to its tires!

Never before has an automobile manufacturer made such sweeping changes two years in a row.

The 1959 Chevrolet is more than new—it's your kind of car. Shaped to reward your new taste in style. Designed to anticipate your desire for greater roominess and comfort. Engineered to bring you greater safety, economy, ease of handling and smoothness of ride.

Chevrolet's new Streamline design brings entirely new poise and proportion to automobile styling. Inside the new and roomier Body by Fisher you'll find truly tasteful elegance. And you'll see more through the big new Vista-Panoramic windshield that curves overhead.

There's much, much more. A new steering ratio makes handling easier. New suspension engineering

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*The new 2-Door Sedan—like all '59 Chevrolets—
ride on stronger, safer Torsion and bars.*



Wolfschmidt
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This distinguished dog about town won't tell. But one sip of Wolfschmidt will. The secret is in Wolfschmidt's new, exclusive refining process which gives you the clearest,

clearest vodka ever to glorify a drink. Here's a happy companion that remains incognito in almost anything liquid. There's nothing so subtle, so satisfying as Wolfschmidt.

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IT'S ALL MONTREAL

The Canadiens will romp to another National Hockey League title, barring a miracle

PLAYERS, PLANS AND PROSPECTS

MONTREAL CANADIENS

If the Montreal Canadiens fail to win the National Hockey League race that is just getting warmly under way, they will know something of the embarrassment suffered by Thomas E. Dewey on that autumn morning in 1948. Dewey couldn't lose, and neither can the 1958-59 Canadiens. The other coaches in the league have already conceded the title to Hector (Toe) Blake's swift pupils; the opposing teams are just scrapping for a crack at Montreal in the Stanley Cup playoffs. "This is the best hockey team in the world," says Frank Selke, managing director of the Canadiens, "the strongest I have had in 12 years at Montreal."

The Dewey analogy is not used to imply that a miracle will happen—but only to emphasize the lead Montreal has piled up in hockey opinion polls. There was no need to call in Dr. Gallup. Everybody favors Maurice Richard & Co.

Richard, "The Rocket"—the Ruth, the Dempsey, the Tilden of ice hockey—is starting his 15th NHL season at the implausibly old age of 37. This is an age at which most hockey players (retired, of course) do well to keep up with a well-oiled paramulator; but Richard, as Toe Blake says, "is not like the rest of us." French Canadians, who revere The Rocket, say he possesses *le feu sacré*. This sacred fire—or whatever you wish to call the unearthly intensity Richard brings to hockey—is kindling again on schedule.

It isn't just the inspiring presence of the great right wing that makes Montreal so formidable. The other superstars—Beliveau, Gosselin, Harvey—are sound; The Rocket's kid brother Henri, one of the fastest and most stylish players in the game, returns at center; the league scoring champion, Left Wing Dickie Moore, has taken the cast of his broken hand; Jacques Plante's in goal; and all's right with the Canadiens.

continued

This is one of the great teams of all time. Maurice Richard, at 37, expects to get 25 goals. Former scoring champion Jean Beliveau and Rookie Ross Gosselin, healthy again, will make Dickie Moore (right) dig to repeat his 1957-58 title. Henri Richard, second in last season's scoring, centers for The Rocket and Moore. Rookies Ralph Barbastren and Ah McDonald are competing for Best Offensive; Left Wing Don LaFleur, who left wing slot on a free with Beliveau and Gosselin. The incomparable Doug Harvey leads the league's best defense, reinforced by Rookie Albert (Junior) Langlois. Goalie Jacques Plante had the best goals-against average last year; he's back.



MONTREAL'S DICKIE MOORE

NEW YORK RANGERS

A surprising second last season, New York's gambling new that five rookies will prove out. While they get acclimated, the team must rely heavily on veteran Right Wing Andy Bathgate (right), a certified superstar; Defenseman Bill Gadsby, one of the NHL's best; Left Wing Brian Pothier, recovered from last year's injuries; and Title Carville Henry, a 32-goal man. The brawling rookie wing, Eddie Shack, goes on a line with Red Sullivan and Andy Hebenton. Newscenter Jim Bartlett, Earl Ingarfield and Les Colville are forwards; another, John Harris, plays defense. "We'll get better," says Coach Phil Watson, "as we go along."



NEW YORK'S ANDY BATHGATE

DETROIT RED WINGS

Firmly dislodged by Montreal as the power of the NHL, Detroit is rebuilding. Six players are new to the team this season. One thing is constant, however—the stature of Gordie Howe (right). Scoring champion five times and most valuable player four times, Howe, at 33, is 51 and looking for another 40-goal season. Center Alex Delvecchio moves to left wing on a power line with Howe and Center Norm Ullman. Five new forwards are being tried out, including a lad named Charley Burns who suffered a terrible skull fracture five years ago. "We can finish anywhere from second to sixth," says General Manager Jack Adams.



DETROIT'S GORDIE HOWE



BOSTON'S DOUG MOHNS

BOSTON BRUINS

Boston extended the mighty Canadiens to six games in the Stanley Cup Finals on aggressiveness, desire and the inspired goal-tending of Don Stenstrom. There are no superstars, but instead a high percentage of good, honest workmen like Detroitian Doug Mohns (left). The first line of Don McKenney, Fleming Mackell and Jerry Toppanini is intact, and Neal Chevrolet, a 31-goal player in 1964-65, takes over Johnny Bucyk's wing on the line with Bruno Horvath and Vic Stasiak. Center Earl Reibel was obtained from Detroit, Winger Guy Gendron from New York. Captain Fernie Flaman, Mohns, Leo Boivin and Bob Armstrong make up a stout defense corps. "We'll be stronger," says Coach Milt Schmidt.



CHICAGO'S GLENN HALL

CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS

Chicago has not had a playoff team since 1932-33 and, in fact, has yet to win an NHL title. The greatest-Detroit left wing, Ted Lindsay, flunked expensively last year. Now the Black Hawks have spent \$100,000 more to acquire the veteran NHL defenseman Dollard St. Laurent, Al Arbour and Jack Evans, and forwards Tod Sloan and Danny Lewicki, as well as some minor leaguers. All-Star Goalsie Glenn Hall (left) is bound to have a more effective defense in front of him; Sloan and Lewicki help fill the chasm at center. Hockeyer Forwards Ed Litzenberger, Eric Nesterenko and Bobby Hull must provide the scoring punch. "I think we'll get one of the playoff spots," says Coach Rudy Pika.



TORONTO'S DICK DUFF

TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

Toronto's prospects for a solid recovery from last season's horrible finish depend on some big ifs. If 32-year-old Bert Olmstead dips for the puck and makes plays as he did at Montreal . . . if last year's rookie sensation, Frank Mahovlich, clicks on the new line with Olmstead and George Armstrong . . . if Johnny Bower, up from Cleveland, trades off effectively with Ed Chudvick in goal . . . if the Leafs' 1967-68 scoring leader, Dick Duff (left) keeps improving . . . if the minor league stars Steve Kraftcheck and Carl Brewer make good on defense . . . then the shrapnel will be over. Right now it's hard to envision a Toronto playoff berth, but Coach Billy Reay insists, "I'm sure we can finish third."

They won last season's title by 19 points despite a wave of ailments which, among other things, nearly killed Boom Boom Geoffrion (bowel rupture) and almost ended The Rocket's career (damaged Achilles' tendon). What a healthy team will do is frightening, or exhilarating, to contemplate, depending on your leanings.

This is not to say that the Canadiens will march routinely and duly to the championship. Seventy games make a long season; like the Yankees, the Canadiens will lose a few and will have to struggle to win others. The sport itself is so fast, the action so rugged and the scoring so close that the customers will have plenty to cheer about, even if their own teams cannot hope to win the title.

What's more, the opposition should be noticeably stronger this season. The dogfight among New York, Detroit, Boston, Chicago and Toronto for the three Stanley Cup playoff berths (besides Montreal's) should be a notably close and vigorous one.

Keen attention will be paid to New York's new kid team, so called because the Rangers let some veterans go in order to protect a flock of promising youngsters. Second in the league last season with a curious mixture of stars and clods, New York is gambling heavily upon five rookies. The most promising among them is a hard-nosed, 21-year-old 190-pound left wing from Sudbury, Ont. named Eddie Shack. Shack, sort of a mean L'I Abner, is always getting his big nose into trouble, to the unpeakable delight of Coach Phil Watson. Called up from the Providence club, for whom he got 16 goals in 35 games last year, Shack opened a 10-stitch cut in an opponent in an exhibition-game brawl and was bailed out of jail after carrying the fight into the stands.

Elsewhere in the league there has been some reshuffling of veterans, and there are other experiments involving rookies. Chicago is making an especially strong bid to become a cup contender. The Black Hawks got out of the cellar last season as Toronto slipped down; new blood, including two rugged defensemen—Dollard St. Laurent, bought from Montreal, and Al Arbour, from Detroit—could move Chicago up a notch.

Third-place Detroit still has Gordie Howe, probably the best all-around forward in hockey, but not

continued



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DETROIT'S RED KELLY (RIGHT) WINS A RACE FOR LOOSE PUCK IN THE ALL-STAR GAME



HENRI (POGACKI) ROCKETT; RICHARD, BRILLIANT MONTREAL CENTER, FIRES ON THE GOAL

ALL-STAR GOALIE: GLENH HALL OF CHICAGO HITS THE ICE IN A BAIN TRY FOR A SAVE



HOCKEY PREVIEW continued

enough other bodies to menace the Canadiens. Fourth-place Boston, with the big roughhouse team that gave Montreal some bad moments in the playoff finale, is, by and large, standing pat. Toronto has picked up the Canadiens' aging but presumably still resourceful playmaker, Bert Olmstead, and has visions of a third- or even second-place finish.

THE MINORS

As the majors face off, another set of fans is saluting the start of a companion season, that of hockey's far-flung minor leagues. There are five in all in the U.S. and Canada. At the highest level is the American Hockey League, with teams in Buffalo, Cleveland, Hershey, Providence, Rochester and Springfield. A notch below are the nine-team Western League, predominantly Canadian (Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, New Westminster, Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane), and the four-team Quebec League (Montreal Royals, Quebec, Three Rivers, Chateaufort... all Canadian. Then come the Eastern League, with seven teams in the eastern U.S. (Clinton, N.Y.; Charlotte, N.C.; Washington, D.C.; Johnstown, Pa.; Philadelphia; New Haven, Conn.; Commack, N.Y.), and the International League, with five teams in the Midwest (Louisville; Indianapolis; Troy, Ohio; Toledo; Fort Wayne, Ind.).

Although most of the minor league teams are independently owned, they serve as farm teams for the National Hockey League, the one major league in hockey. NHL teams may draft players from the American, Western and Quebec leagues; the American League in turn may draft from the Western and Quebec leagues. The other two leagues, however, have no such formal draft arrangements.

The usual affiliation between an NHL team and one or more minors is that of a working agreement which permits an interchange of players during the season that is apart from the off-season draft. An important exception is Montreal, which owns the Montreal Royals of the Quebec League outright and has, with Toronto, a financial stake in Rochester of the American League.

You remember Montreal? The Canadiens? Ah, yes. They're in. Can't lose.

—KENNETH RUDEEN

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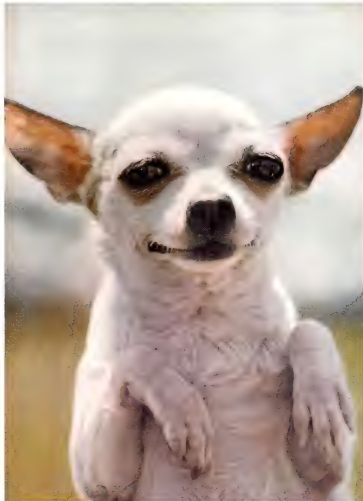


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**On the scales the Chihuahua is a lightweight, but
in the dog world he is its fastest-rising favorite**

TWICE AND, TWICE AGAIN peering from the opposite page belong to a Chihuahua, the midsize of the dog world. What the Chihuahua lacks in size, however (his average weight is four pounds), he more than makes up in popularity. Last year he was exceeded in American Kennel Club registrations only by the beagle, and the number of unregistered Chihuahuas is impossible to estimate.

Most Chihuahuas, as a matter of fact, are rarely seen at all except by the people who own them. Bandleader Xavier Cugat has been leading the cha-cha-cha with a Chihuahua in his pocket for years. Others have been known to cross the Atlantic in handbags (unknown to the airlines), live at the best hotels (unknown to the management) and go to church (unknown to the minister). But most Chihuahuas are content to stay at home, where they can get all the exercise they need—in a minimum of space—without ever going outdoors. This is probably just as well because they sometimes catch cold.

Colds are bad for Chihuahuas, but they are only one of the little fellows' problems. Ever since a group of American tourists discovered this midsize dog a century ago in Mexico's state of Chihuahua, people have been

spreading false rumors about his ancestry. First of all, they confuse him with the Mexican hairless. One glance is enough to prove that the Chihuahua is not hairless; his coat may be short and smooth or long and wavy. Besides, the Mexican hairless is believed to be descended from the Chinese crested dog—not even a distant relative. The Chihuahua has also been accused of not being a dog at all, but a kind of feral mountain animal. Then there are people who claim he is a cross between a dog and a chipmunk; and still others who believe he is half wild dog, half prairie dog. Actually, he is 100% all dog.

To clear up some of the misunderstandings about the Chihuahua's background, archaeologists have gone as far back as the 16th century A.D., where they found his true ancestor, the Techichi, was a pet of the Toltecs. The Aztecs considered him a sacred dog and their emperor, Montezuma, is reported to have carried a Chihuahua around in his mantle.

As if this weren't enough pedigree, historians believe the Chihuahua is the only dog indigenous to the Western Hemisphere, which makes him every bit as American as the Indian—and just as proud of his ancestry.



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SMALL BUT SMART. Zora (left) is on way to winning championship for owners, Dr. and Mrs. John Ruedell, Coral Gables, Fla.

Photograph by Jerry Childs

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BOXING / John Mulliken

The Bubi of Berlin

He is Gustav Scholz, who

beat TB to become European
middleweight champion

WEST BERLIN is a special city, quite as individual in its own way as Paris. Like New York with its Brooklynese and London with its cockney, Berlin has its own rapid give-and-take language (it's really more than a dialect), its own earthy humor and its own enthusiasm.

The city's biggest enthusiasm at the moment is a prizefighter, a 25-year-old middleweight named Gustav Scholz, who would be called Gus in New York but whom no Berliner ever would call anything but Bubi.

It is a pet name as well as a nickname, and it indicates fully the feeling Berliners have for Scholz and why they love it. Bubi is hard to translate into English, but this may give you an idea of what it means: if a German mother had an especially attractive young son she would call him Bubi. All Berliners feel that way about Bubi Scholz.

He is almost six feet tall, slender, with black hair and brown, and he has a straight, boxerlike nose. To Berliners he has the face of a movie star. Indeed, he has the face of a movie star. A well-spoken young man, he is polite and always poised or, as one Berlin sportswriter put it, he can talk to his neighbor and he can talk to the Oberbürgermeister.

The rest of Germany follows Bubi's career with as much avidity as Berlin, though not with the Berliners' special warmth of ownership.

So up and down the length of West Germany for the past few weeks people were talking about and waiting for Bubi's second fight with France's Charles Humez, the fourth-ranked middleweight contender, to whom Bubi had lost a decision after being knocked down twice. Newspapers appraised his chances, not too optimistically, and reviewed his career.

The career began with Bubi hanging around a Berlin gym for months,



HAPPY BUBI is garlanded with a victory wreath after beating France's Humez.

hoping that he'd be picked for a fight, though he had never fought before, even as an amateur. Then an opponent scheduled to face Werner Eichler, an experienced welterweight, fell ill. A frantic promoter rushed Bubi to the fight, held under a circus tent, and Bubi, though he showed neither experience nor skill, made good. He displayed the raw famous Scholz guts and ability to recover from disaster. He was knocked down three times in four rounds, but he won.

That launched him. In time he acquired a shrewd and wealthy Fritz Grotzschel, a businessman, as his manager. Together they plotted an assault on the world championship. By 1964 he was ready for Madison Square Garden where, as the first German to appear as a Garden main eventer in his first U.S. fight, he won a decision over Al Andrews.

The future was bright but Bubi fell ill of tuberculosis and retired to a Black Forest sanatorium. He fought not at all in 1966 and was told by a doctor, in fact, that he must never box or even train again.

But Bubi did begin training, in the spring of 1967, and won the German middleweight title from Peter Müller. Berlin made him its darling again.

continued

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BERLIN'S BOMB continued

thrilled as much by his victory over
TH as by his record.

Training for Humes, Buhl, who is
no longer a natural middleweight,
had trouble getting down to the 140-
pound limit. Breakfasts were a glass
of red wine with an egg in it. He got
nothing else until 5 p.m. when he had
a steak and green salad.

With but five losses in 102 profes-
sional fights, Humes is still no one's
darling. He is quite unlike Buhl. An
ex-miner, he looks it. He has a reced-
ing hairline, and his ears and nose are
clearly those of a prizefighter. And
in boxing style he is quite the op-
posite of Schulz, who fights from a
straight-up, classic stance and is a
lightning counterpuncher. Humes'
stance is crablike. He is a stalking,
aggressive fighter.

The fight took place in the huge,
100,000-seat stadium built for the
1936 Olympics. About 38,000 persons
were crowded into tiers at one end.
Humes was greeted by a tight claque
of French soldiers, but they were
drowned out by the rest of the crowd
chanting "Buhl, Buhl, Buhl."

As always in the first round of a
fight, Buhl was pale and nervous.
But in the second round Buhl opened
the Frenchman's nose, which bled
badly for the rest of the fight, and as
the rounds passed it became appar-
ent that, probably because he had
trouble breathing, Humes was tiring.
By the eighth round Buhl had be-
come the aggressor and chased Humes
about the ring. In rounds 10 and 11
Humes tried desperately with wild,
ineffective charges, and Buhl just
loved them. He counterpunched sav-
agely, and in the 12th round he
punched Humes at will. Fifteen sec-
onds before the end of the 12th, Humes
just turned his back and walked
away, not out, but completely de-
feated. From his corner a towel float-
ed into the ring.

Even in Hitler's day the stadium
had not heard such shouting. After
the fight the audience lighted matches
twice, forming a wonderful band of
color across the east end of the sta-
dium. This is a special Berlin method
of congratulation.

"I quit," said Humes in his dress-
ing room. "It's no use any more."

But Buhl and his manager were
planning to leave for New York to
talk over with the International Box-
ing Club the possibility of a title fight
with Sugar Ray Robinson. **Box**



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Salt Lake



French sizzler on the platter

**Two famous restaurant specialties of Paris
—and some female observations about the
male world of buying and cooking steak**

ONLY A MAN can buy steak, though some few women can cook it," observes English Writer P. Morton Shand in his *Book of Food*. This remark is, alas and alas, the truth, part only of the truth but, still, nothing but the truth. There seems to be a natural man-to-man rapport between butcher and male customer on the subject of a man's steak. The butcher, confronted by a man, does not even have to be urged to bring out the prime, well-hung meat and to cut it at least two or three inches thick and absolutely even. The whole thing, of course, passes understanding, but it is an undeniable fact. (A pity that most American males are too busy with other things to do off the meat marketing for their households in person.)

It is also indisputable that American men are finer and more creative cooks, as well as more dedicated to the broiling of steak than we, their womenfolk. This goes for outdoors and indoors. They are ritualistic builders of fires and reckless buyers of gadgets to further their cooking avocation. It is wise not to interfere with them or even speak to them when they take over at the grill. A woman needs only to remember that the choicest steaks are sold to the restaurants and clubs frequented

by men, that these steaks are cooked for men by other men over charcoal, generally in convenient, waist-high wall hangers, invented by men.

The subject of waist-high broilers is a sore one. The broilers on my stoves (city and country) are typical of those in many semimodern kitchens—assembled, I suppose by women, for the housewife on all fours: most of the shelves and all the hangers are installed at dachshund level. What's more, to approximate the charcoal-done steak without charcoal one must practically set the kitchen on fire.

No man who cooks would stand for such nonsense. Neither could I. So I turned to pan-broiling—a better description is *sizzling*—steaks in a very hot pan on top of the stove, the way the French do. The result can be wonderfully appetizing, as visitors to Paris restaurants will attest. Anyway, it is a *sacré* foe with me, as I no longer have to lie on the kitchen floor to get at the steak or, even worse, wriggle on my stomach to clean up that Black Hole of Calcutta, the broiler oven.

Two steak preparations of this ilk are steak au poivre (shown ready for eating in the photograph at left), cooked entirely on the top of the stove, and steak Chateaubriand, which starts on the stove but finishes in the oven—not the broiler. Steak Chateaubriand is ridiculously easy to do, and the natural foil for show-off sauces such as *mustarde*, *blancmaise*, *bordeleaise* and *marchand de vin*. But even plain and *par se* these *hôtels* collect compliments enough to restore a woman's ego in a man's steak world.

STEAK AU POIVRE

Broil steak six evenly cut inches thick; trim off superfluous fat. Crush a couple of handfuls of whole peppercorns by spreading evenly on a bread board, covering with a clean dish towel and rolling with a rolling pin to crack the pepper. Then pound the cracked pepper into the surfaces of the steak with a potato masher or the flat side of a heavy knife. Wrap steak loosely in paper, place in covered pan and let stand several hours or even overnight to acquire the "perfume" of the pepper.

Before cooking, brush off any loose pepper. Do not salt. Cook room-temperature steak over a very fierce fire in a thick pan heated almost red-hot, coating it with a very little olive oil just before adding steak. Cook three minutes on one side and, adding a drop more oil, two

minutes on the other, for blue-rare steak as the French like it; larger proportionately, reducing the heat and pouring off extra fat, if meat is desired rare, medium or well done. Skip just before serving. Potatoes, fries and a watercress salad are classics to serve with this steak.

STEAK CHATEAUBRIAND

Trim most of the fat off a steak which has been cut 3 inches thick, brush lightly with oil, sprinkle with pepper. Brown quickly on all sides in a very hot, heavy frying pan on top of the stove, pouring off extra fat as it melts. Remove, salt the steak and braise in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes (or rare to medium rare). This steak is very good cold, sliced thin.

They cry for Moore in Baltimore

Lenny Moore, that is, who provides one of the indispensable ingredients in a well-concocted recipe for bringing the Colts their first National Football League championship

ALTHOUGH the Baltimore Colts continued their early-season undefeated splurge with a 24-17 victory over Green Bay Sunday, the unfortunate Packers salvaged one distinction from the game. They stopped pro football's best disc jockey and one of 1958's finest halfbacks without a touchdown. Lenny Moore, formerly of Penn State, went scoreless for the first time this season, although he caught six passes for 108 yards.

A great football team, like the masterwork of a great chef, must contain just the right blend of each essential ingredient. The lack of one can spoil the whole dish—or the team. The Colts have had nearly all the ingredients for the last couple of years. Now, it seems, with some new help on the defensive platoon, Coach Weeb Ewbank has completed the recipe beautifully. Not the least element in his concoction is Moore, who provides

something as necessary to pro football as cheese is to a soufflé—a great halfback who provides a running threat outside the ends as well as a pass-receiving threat that prevents the defense from concentrating against any one of his talents.

Although he scored five touchdowns in the first two games of the season, Baltimore's Moore is still a frustrated man. Not about football, of course. "I feel real good this year," he says about that. "I'm cutting back to get loose where I used to go on around the outside, and it works. They all head for the outside when I start to the left, so now I cut back. Don't down those blockers. They're the ones."

Moore's frustration stems from his off-season job, which is disc-jockeying for three hours six days a week on a Baltimore radio station.

"I play rock 'n' roll most of the time," Lenny said the other day. "I don't down it on the air, man. But let me put it this way. I don't possess any rock 'n' roll records either. I like progressive jazz. Men like Miles Davis and Stan Getz, they kill me. I used to make my comments on the records, but I got all this mail."

Moore has a large personal collection of progressive jazz, an enthusiasm he shares with the huge Colt tackle, Big Daddy Lipscomb.

"It was a little while before I got on to this business," he said. "At first, I spent all my time looking up at the clock and down at the leg and figuring what to say. When I gain a little more power, I'll have the boys drop by and I'll chat with them about the team, things like that."

Moore has all the power he needs when he turns to his other vocation. He's a tall, rather lean halfback with an especial talent for picking his way through a broken field. Although he has a good change of pace, his strongest asset is an uncanny ability to change direction against the flow of the defense, so that often Lenny is

continued



UNDER DIFFICULTY, the Colts' Lenny Moore (12) throws a pass from Johnny Unitas to score a touchdown on the Chicago Bears. Blocking high is the Bear's J. C. Carolan.

CELANESE GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS



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headed one way while the defenders are going the other.

The Colts, a relatively young team, possess an awesome amount of firepower in Moore, Fullback Alan Ameche, Halfback L. G. Dugre and the extraordinary quarterback, John Unitas. In front of this dynamic quartet are Ray Berry and Jim Mutscheller, the best pair of blocking ends in pro football and one of the major reasons for the yardage Moore accumulates each weekend.

The Colts' final four games are against the Los Angeles Rams and the San Francisco 49ers, the last two on the West Coast. In 1957, with the same problem, the Colts lost both games and a chance for the conference championship.

"We're a better team this year," Moore said the other day. "That don't say we're gonna win it, but we're better, man."

In the most startling trade of the year, the Detroit Lions sent veteran Quarterback Bobby Layne to the Pittsburgh Steelers for Earl Morrall, a typical second-string quarterback, and two draft choices. Although various sources reported that the trade was due to 1) Layne's having feuded with Lion Coach George Wilson or 2) Layne's reporting to a late Saturday night meeting with a cocktail too many under his belt, neither story is true. Very simply, Bobby has not shown his usual precision or finesse. When he stubbed his toe and missed on an extra-point attempt against Green Bay, it pointed up the difference in the 1956 Layne and the Layne of other years. Other errors of omission or commission, plus the presence of tightback quarterback Tobin Rote on the Lion roster helped make up Coach Wilson's mind.

Trading Layne now, while he has considerable value on the open market, makes Rote sense than waiting until he has obviously passed his peak. And Buddy Parker, who coached the Lions and Layne for many years, will coach him at Pittsburgh. Parker gets a quarterback who probably has a couple of years of topflight play left in him—plus a very important asset: the habit of winning. He started inculcating that habit in the Steelers Sunday by engineering a 24-8 victory over the Philadelphia Eagles, the Steelers' first win of the season.

Layne's old ball club missed him,

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When the Lions took the field against the Los Angeles Rams in Detroit's Briggs Stadium, a giant banner reading "Trade Wilson" was draped in the stands. Wilson may have added to his own discomfiture; with the Lions moving on the ground late in the game, he called Morrell to the sideline and asked for a pass, which was promptly intercepted by the Rams, who turned the interception into an eventual touchdown and finally into a 42-28 victory.

Elsewhere, the Cleveland Browns never solved the Chicago Cardinals' new double-wing T offense, but they used an exemplary method to defeat the Cardinals; they scored more—35-28.

The Chicago Bears turned back the San Francisco 49ers, with the help of three pass interceptions, 28-6, to remain within a game of Baltimore. The New York Giants, often befuddled by the wizardry of Washington's diminutive Eddie LeBaron at quarterback, retained enough self-control to win their second game against one loss, 21-14, and emerge as Cleveland's strongest threat in the Eastern Conference. **END**

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass. Comp.
Browns vs. Cardinals	35 28	332 348	122 240	7-15 12-28
Giants vs. Redskins	21 34	195 49	149 248	7-19 14-26
Steelers vs. Eagles	24 3	234 58	72 148	10-21 16-37
Colts vs. Packers	34 17	152 61	230 399	17-36 26-47
Bears vs. Oilers	38 4	219 305	115 127	12-36 19-39
Rams vs. Lions	42 28	306 230	142 296	20-23 12-28

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	3	0	3	1.000
New York	2	1	8	.667
Washington	3	2	0	.333
Chicago Colts	1	2	0	.333
Philadelphia	1	2	6	.233
Pittsburgh	3	2	0	.333

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Baltimore	3	0	0	1.000
Chicago Bears	2	1	0	.667
Los Angeles	2	1	0	.667
San Francisco	0	2	0	.333
Green Bay	0	2	1	.000
Detroit	0	2	1	.000

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Showdown for kibitzers

Two great U.S. bridge teams—the Rothsteins and the Fishbeins—must have it out for a crack at the world title

ONLY THREE teams were left in the Masters' Knockout Team Championship at Miami Beach last August. Each had been defeated once. One more defeat meant curtains. Robert Rothstein's team had won the bye and was sitting it out while Alvin Roth's and Harry Fishbein's teams battled to see which would survive. Each of the two tables, remote at opposite ends of the Americana's Floridian Room, was ringed three deep with craning kibitzers.

In this tense situation, while defending against a doubled contract, Harry Fishbein reneged! If detected before either he or his partner, Sam Fry Jr., played to the next trick, the

revoked could have been corrected. At least half of the gallery were ardent Fishbein rooters. Yet, to the everlasting credit of all members of that oft-maligned breed, the kibitzer, there wasn't a gasp or a murmur or a rustle of surprise that might have called attention to the error. The penalty for the revoke—two tricks—was just enough to let declarer make his doubled contract.

Next weekend, these exemplary kibitzers receive their reward—an opportunity to watch the playoff between the Vanderbilt Cup-winning Fishbein team and its two-time conquerors in the Masters' Knockout event, the Rothstein team. The match

will decide which team will represent America (including Canada, Mexico, Bermuda and the U.S.) in the February world championship meeting with Italy's European champions and the champions of South America, as yet undecided. The dates: Saturday and Sunday, October 25 and 26. The place: the Gold Ballroom of the Hotel Statler Hilton in New York City. The starting times: 1:30 each afternoon and 8:30 each evening. The best reward of all: the match can be viewed under conditions which impose no strain on the kibitzer's eyes or self-control. Indeed, he may cheer if he likes. He'll be able to hear the players, but they won't be able to hear him.

Two problems have stood in the way of making bridge a spectator sport: how to let a large audience actually see everything that goes on, and how to keep the players from being influenced by the reactions of the spectators. Thus far, the simplest and most easily followed technique is to show the hands in the kind of diagram familiar to bridge-column readers, to tune in on the playing room for the bidding and play, and to show the play by x-ing out the cards on the diagram, thrown on a large screen. This method, used successfully in the telecast of the world championship in 1957, will be used again to show the playoff.

With the players separated from the audience by a soundproof wall, kibitzers can indulge the luxury of cheering, groaning, speculating on the proper play, criticizing mistakes and listening to commentary by a group of experts, among them your reporter. The price of all this is a mere \$1.50 per session.

It is exciting to think that 500 people, instead of only 15 or 20, may



ROTHSTEIN TEAM smiles after winning Masters' Knockout. They are (from left) Paul Allinger, Cyrus Neuman, Captain Robert Rothstein, Sidney Lissak, William Hanna.

continued



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watch hands like this one, played in the final match at Miami.

Both tables unplayable North dealer			
NORTH			
♠ 4 4			
♥ K 9 8 2			
♦ A 6			
♣ Q J 9 7 4			
WEST			
♠ 10 9 5 2			
♥ J 2			
♦ K Q 10 8 5 3			
♣ K			
EAST			
♠ K 2			
♥ Q 7 6			
♦ A 2			
♣ A 10 8 6 3 2			
SOUTH			
♠ A Q J 8 7			
♥ A 10 6 3			
♦ J 9 7			
♣ 5			

Similar bidding at both tables got South to a contract of four hearts:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♣	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Both Wests opened the king of diamonds. Both declarers won with dummy's ace, successfully finessed in spades and returned to dummy's king of hearts for another spade lead. The appearance of East's king was disappointing, but after a headachey analysis both expert declarers decided against cashing the ace of hearts. (Without going into the complex considerations involved, that decision would appear to be correct but for the six-two division in diamonds and the singleton honor in clubs.) Each South elected to cash the remaining high spade, discard dummy's diamond and hope that East would be the defender with three trumps. East ruffed the spade with the seven of hearts.

Thus far the play had been the same at both tables, but now came the parting of the ways. With Robert Rothlein and Cyrus Neuman of Miami defending, Neuman led back a low club. Rothlein won with the king and returned a spade, ruffed in dummy and overruffed by East's queen. A second club lead made it impossible for declarer to shut out West's heart jack.

At the other table, the Rothlein team had the North-South hands, with William Hanna of Los Angeles playing North and Paul Allinger of Alhambra, Calif. South. Instead of leading back a low club after ruffing the third spade, East cashed the club ace. The fall of West's king alerted Allinger to his danger. If West could overruff the second club another spade play would doom the contract. In this dif-

ficult situation, Allinger guessed right. He trumped the second club with the ace and played a low trump, dropping the jack and queen together. Dummy's trumps and good clubs took care of South's remaining losers.

Both the Rothlein and the Fishbein entries are five-man teams. The Rothlein player you have not met thus far is Sidney Lazard of New Orleans, who distinguished himself as West in defense against this slam hand.

Neither side unplayable North dealer			
NORTH			
♠ K Q J 9			
♥ A 6			
♦ 7 4			
♣ A Q J 5 2			
WEST			
♠ 6 4			
♥ 10 5			
♦ A 10 9 6 2			
♣ K 10 9 8			
EAST			
♠ 8 7 5 2			
♥ 9 5 4 3			
♦ J 3 2			
♣ A 3			
SOUTH			
♠ A 10 3			
♥ K Q J 8 7			
♦ K Q 8			
♣ J 6			

Opening lead: heart 10

Details of the bidding are no longer recalled. Both teams bid to six no trump and both got the same opening lead of the heart 10.

Looking at all four hands, it is obvious that the slam can be made. Before deciding what to discard on North's fourth spade, declarer leads a diamond toward his king-queen. When West takes the ace, South's best hope of a 12th trick is the club finesse. It wins, and the slam comes home—exactly as happened when Rothlein's team held the North-South hands.

The difference when the Fishbein team held the slam hand was that Lazard saw no reason to force declarer to adopt the winning line of play. Thinking right along with declarer, he forewent the diamond lead and played the deuce under the king without the slightest fiddle or hesitation. Now, would you take the unproved club finesse or repeat the "successful" diamond lead from dummy? Declarer elected to play East for the ace of diamonds and Lazard cashed in on one of bridge's oldest axioms: If nothing else will serve, give the opponents a chance to make a mistake.

If I seem to be dwelling upon Rothlein successes and Fishbein failures, it is with good reason. I have already recorded here some of the brilliant exploits which enabled Lee Hazen,

Len Harmon and Ivar Stakgold, along with Fry and Fishbein, to roll undefeated through every match to win the Vanderbilt championship last March. They continued that winning streak in the Masters' Knockout event until they had rolled up a string of 14 consecutive victories. Upset by Rothlein in their 15th match, they rallied to defeat Roth in the semifinal, only to bow to Rothlein again in the final.

To a considerable measure, this was due to partnership misunderstandings such as occurred in the following deal.

East/West unplayable West dealer			
NORTH			
♠ K J 4			
♥ Q J			
♦ A Q 10 7			
♣ Q J 8 3			
WEST			
♠ 10 9 3 2			
♥ A K 8 7 6 5			
♦ 5 2			
♣ 3			
EAST			
♠ Q 8 7 6			
♥ 10 8 5 3			
♦ 4			
♣ 6 4 2			
SOUTH			
♠ 9 5			
♥ 5			
♦ K 2 9 8 6			
♣ A K 10 7 3			
WEST (Allinger)	NORTH (Fishbein)	EAST (Neuman)	SOUTH (Rothlein)
1 ♠	PASS	PASS	3 N.T.
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	PASS

Hazen intended his two no-trump bid as "unusual"—that is, a conventional call for a minor suit. Fishbein read it as possibly a good club suit and a heart stopper.

All would still have been well if Rothlein had led a fourth-best heart. But after toying with that card several times he finally chose to lead the king. Result: down three at no trumps with game ice-cold at either clubs or diamonds.

Does the one-sidedness of this report mean that I am picking Rothlein to win? The answer must be no. Because the team members live so far apart, they must suffer from unpracticed partnership among three of their five players.

The greater length of this playoff match gives the Fishbein veterans an advantage. So does the fact that four of them will be playing before a hometown audience, while their opponents will have traveled far. In the kind of close match I figure this to be, such matters can be decisive.

As the referee would say, may the better team win. And best of viewing to the kibitzers!

END

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Tip from the Top

Putting from off the edge

WHENEVER the contours of the green area make it possible to putt from off the green and the aprons are cut so that the ball will roll accurately over them, I use my putter as often as I can instead of chipping. I realize that in the book of high-style playing the "Texas wedge"—that's putting off the green—is still frowned upon, but it really is a great stroke-saver. I sometimes putt from as much as 10 or 20 feet off the green, and unless the apron grass prohibits it by being too high or rough, I almost always use my putter when I'm three or four feet off the putting surface.

I've probably had a little more experience than most golfers putting from off the green, growing up as I did in Odessa in Texas. The point is to use exactly the same technique as you would on the green. The gauging takes a little practice, but otherwise it's the same stroke as an approach putt. The main misconception people have is that they think they have to hit the ball from off the green a little bit harder than is really necessary. When they try to give it that extra clip they come off the ball. Sometimes, both consciously and unconsciously, they tip the face of the putter back to give it the loft of a *four-iron*. Now, when you tip the blade back or simply hit the ball too hard, that makes the ball jump and bounce off the ground and lose its line. Use your normal stroke. That will keep the ball running true over the apron to the putting surface. You'll be up close regularly, I assure you and, what is more, you can "mimic" a shot when you're putting from off the green from long distances and still get the ball within five or six feet of the cup.



When putting from off the edge use the same technique as you would on the green.

NEXT WEEK: Joe Vessino on controlling the shoulders



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Left: Circular-stitched bra with foam-lined cotton cups. #11061. 31-34C, \$6.95.

The new models wheel in

The automobile editor and the camera examine Detroit's 1959 cars, and find them to be generally long, low and fancy, although compact cars are having their innings, too

OWEN JAMES, Detroit's motoring season is upon us. The plumage which looked so bright a year ago has been shed, and sleeker-up new models are on the wheel from Ypsilanti to Ypsilanti and points east and west. Citizens who like to vocalize about the mass and glitter of Detroit automobiles are screaming at each other again, but in fact the new cars seem to be headed for a very good year, after a frankly painful one.

Two years ago, at the beginning of the accelerated trend to flatter, longer and wider cars, an adman for one of the Big Three saluted his machine with this bit of doggerel:

*At least I owned a corner here,
You're a short one, come on down,
There's no car in your field
That's longer than you are.*

A rival adman ran this slogan up the flagpole: "It's just got."

Taken together, these rhymodios reflected pretty accurately what Detroit had divined the majority wanted in a car: size and jet-takeoff performance. As the photographs on the following pages show, Detroit (with some modest exceptions) still feels that way about size. And if the horsepower race has ended, it has done so at a point at which nearly all the cars have as much girth as anybody wants.

The new cars from the Big Three, then, are strikingly long, low, wide and flashy. There is said to be a less obtrusive use of chrome and other bright metal trim, although this is not immediately discernible in all models. The market for smaller cars—usually called "compact" cars these days to distinguish them from foreign economy cars—has again been left to American Motors and Studebaker-Packard.

Once more the stylist is king, and this year Detroit's weightiest stylist, Harley Earl of General Motors—a man who likes to obsolete 'em fastest with the mostest—is sending out the cars with the most radical changes. Earl, a tall, richly tailored man, as neatly upholstered as any of his wheeled creations, saw the decline of the carriage at first hand from his father's carriage shop, and has in recent years given GM cars a look of weighty solidity.

For 1959 Earl has sketched a notably rare line, sharply different in character (except for the Cadillac) from what we have come to expect. Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles and Buicks have almost no resemblance to the 1958 models. His Buick, by the way, was an immediate hit, with production running behind orders. Sober-sided styling at Chevrolet has given way to a surprisingly extreme shape (see page 68), a further affirmation of the big swing away from plain-lane fishes in the lower price ranges.

CRISP TALK AT FORD

George Walker, the man who handles art at Ford, is a flamboyant, thick-chested ex-pro football half-back who loves to talk about the crispness of his models. His 1957 Ford was a sales champion, but the '58 didn't have as much snap, crackle and pop. The 1959 is a cleaner, smarter car (see opposite page), and in comparison with the Chevy a thoroughly conservative one. Mercury, Edsel and Lincoln have not been introduced yet, but you can expect the biggest change from Mercury, the least from Lincoln.

Over at Chrysler, the prematurely white-haired Virgil Exner, a one-time

GM stylist, has put his seal on another set of rarely named models. These will round out the three-year cycle begun so emotionally with the 1957s. The year 1958 saw very little change, but the new cars are noticeably different in detail while still faithful to the original concept.

American Motors and Studebaker-Packard are banking on the recently developed American taste, in some circles, for less size and more economy. AM's Ramblers were a rousing success in the previous year just past. This year the high tail fins are a bit different, and AM is taking its small 1963 station wagon out of mothballs to join the Rambler American sedan, de-mothballed last year. S-P will try to get out of the financial shallows with a new compact car, the Lark.

What's this about compact cars from the Big Three? Well, GM and Ford have spent about \$500 million on development and can go into production on relatively short notice (Ford with a six-cylinder, front-mounted engine; GM with perhaps an aluminum rear engine). For the time being Chrysler will let its French Simca be its small car (both GM and Ford, of course, also import their own foreign built ones). GM and Ford will wait until they are absolutely convinced the market is there before taking the plunge. Each company feels that it would have to sell upwards of 300,000 models to make such a venture worthwhile; meanwhile, they want to see how the bread-and-butter '59s are going to sell. There are a lot of us here, but informed Detroiters expect to see the new compact cars in production before the end of 1958.

Despite the critical hubbub over size and power, there is every reason to believe that Detroit will go right along putting most of its eggs in the long, low, wide basket. The 1960s will be every bit as hefty as the '50s—and a little lower. If the small-car market becomes big, Detroit will enter it eagerly, but until then . . . well, turn the pages.

TO SEE ALL MAKES, TURN THE PAGES

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IS THE NEW CHRYSLER SALES HERE



PONTIAC

Like the Chevrolet (page 48), and the other GM run-arounds, Cadillac, the Pontiac has a radically new body. Up to nine inches longer, three inches wider and three inches lower than the 1956s, it comes in three series, with engines of 215 to 345 hp available. The Chevrolet is slightly larger than last year's, with headlights lowered seven inches. A new six-cylinder economy engine complements the V-8 line. DeWey name goes out.



BUICK

The old model names are out, including Roadmaster, that famous symbol of material success. To join up the rest of the '58s, Buick now introduces these names: LeSabre, Invicta and Electra (Dynaflow, however, isn't Dynaflow). Wildcat is the perhaps inevitable name of a new 401-cubic-inch engine, added to the current 364-inch V-8. Cadillac restyling (page 49), while not as drastic, is showy, especially in bright work between fns.



STUDEBAKER

This is the Lark, the "compact" car with which Studebaker-Packard hopes to get back on its feet in the auto industry. Shown here at the Paris Auto Show, it will not be introduced in the U.S. until next month. Sedans will be 115 inches long, station wagons 184 inches. Two engines will be available, an economical six and a V-8. S-P says it already has a whopping 25,000 orders. The famous Packard line has been discontinued.



OLDSMOBILE

Lower-priced models are 10 inches longer, the "58" series six inches longer; all are slightly wider and lower—and cleaner than the chrome-bug 1956s. There is more glass area, as throughout the GM line, and an unusual headlight treatment. Better economy is claimed for the big V-8 engines, of 270 and 315 hp, through refinements to carburetors, choking and transmission systems. Brake drums are flanged to limit fading.



CORVETTE

Unique among Detroit cars, the Corvette is a dual-purpose racing-touring sports two-seater with a fiberglass body. Last year's basic styling is retained. The addition of radius rods to the rear suspension is expected to improve the handling qualities of an already nimble car. Brake cooling is improved, and engine options from 230 to 290 hp are offered. Transmission systems include a four-speed gearbox for sports car purists.



RAMBLER

Having produced nearly 175,000 cars in the 1958 model year, double the previous year's production, American Motors offers more of the same. The four-year-old short-wheelbase station wagon is revived to join the Cross Country wagon (above). There are minor styling changes in the regular Rambler lines as A.M. gets in for a bigger changeover for 1960. Unified body-frames dipped in rust preventive are again a salutary feature.

continued



DODGE

Dodge shares with all the Chrysler Corporation models the torsion springing, which gives exceptional handling qualities, and the new optional swivel seats, which permit easier front-door entry. Moderate styling includes a lower roofline. A six-cylinder engine develops 135 hp, the V-8s up to 345 hp. The most noticeable difference in Plymouth styling (page 70) from last year is in the rear fin treatment and the indented front fenders.



CHRYSLER

Cushion tires with only 16 pounds of air pressure and a non-glare rearview mirror which snaps in "day" automatically when a following car's headlights strike it are new, optional features engineering the styling face-lift. Lightweight engines produce 365 to 380 hp. The Imperial (page 70), most expensive and least changed of the Chrysler lines, is roomier and has a stronger frame. A stainless-steel roof joins conventional tops.



MERCURY

An enormous compound-curve windshield with 61% more glass area than last year is the most striking feature of the '55s. In some models the rear window also wraps up into the roof. Mercury officials say the new cars will be "totally new, from road to roof," with the instrument panel moved forward six inches to increase knee room, and the wheelbase lengthened as much as four inches. The drive-shaft hump will be considerably smaller.



DE SOTO

Here, too, the dimensional change is chiefly in the lowered roof. The more massive-looking headlight brow is characteristic of the higher-priced Chrysler Corporation lines. A new, optional rear air-suspension system is available in all Chrysler models, and pushbutton temperature controls are added to the well-established pushbutton transmission controls. Chrysler's overlapping engine series gives De Soto a 290- to 350-hp range.



LINCOLN and CONTINENTAL

Like Mercurys and Edsels, they won't be on the road until next month. Following the big changeover last year, which made them the longest cars on the road, the look of the '55s will be only slightly different, as in the grille treatment above. Two new Continental models are added, a town car and limousine. Ford Motors' other luxury line, the Thunderbird (page 67), was a hit as a four-door this year and is changed only in minor details.



EDSEL

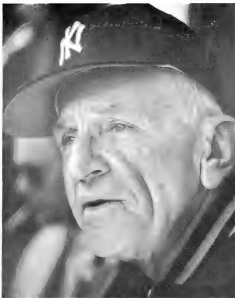
Introduced last September, the Edsel entered a declining medium-price market in a recession year, but still nearly 60,000 were sold. Edsels are fare-lifted for '55 and priced nearer the Fords, while Mercury is upgraded. Ford's Fairlane 500s (page 67) are an inch longer, Castors 300s six inches longer. Ford engines develop 145 to 300 hp. A crash program will put a stylish new Ford, the Galaxy, in cost about \$2,000, in showrooms soon.

inning. At any rate the Braves were tense. They scored a run in the first and then left the bases loaded in that inning and again in the third. In one running note on the game, *Writer-Reporter* Walter Bingham commented: "That first inning was a moral victory for the Yankees. There could have been much more damage. But the Braves do have a run, and if Burdette is sharp it may be hard to get it back."

But the Yankees did lack the next inning, and one more to boot. The Braves were beginning to look hysterical. Two successive errors were charged to First Baseman Frank Torre on throws he made to Burdette when Burdette was slow in getting over to first in time to cover. Torre errors, plus a walk, filled the bases and an infield grounder and a fly ball gave the Yankees two runs.

THAT GOOD FELDING

But where fidgety fielding hurt the Braves, great plays by the Yankees' Gil McDougald and Jerry Lumpe stopped Milwaukee from scoring in the third. Bill Bruton led off with a single. And Torre followed with a high pop fly to right. Hank Boone was playing way too deep and could not get in to it. So McDougald, running out thousand-second bases, had to catch the pop with his bare toe home plate. When Henry Aaron followed with a line single, Stengel took Larose out and brought in Bob Turley, who had yanked the Yankees request by pitching a shutout in the fifth game, and who had pitched in the 10th inning of the sixth game to get the final out with the tying and winning runs on base. Turley stopped the Braves now, for a third time, but he needed that good fielding. Covington tapped in front of the plate and was out at first. Berra to Skowron, but when Berra came out to field the ball Turley forgot to cover home plate, and Bruton, rounding third, made a threat to come all the way in to score. Skowron promptly threw hard to third in an attempt to pick Bruton off, and threw wild. But Lumpe, playing third, made a diving backhand catch of the ball to hold Bruton on third, restore order and preserve the Yankee lead. A minute or so later, with the bases loaded (this was the second time), Crandall hit the ball hard through the middle



YANKEES' INCOMPARABLE CASEY STENDEL WON SWEETEST VICTORY OF CAREER
By Sam M. Katz

Turley deflected it; and McDougald, who had started to his right, abruptly changed course, charged in, picked up the ball handsomely and threw to first in time to get Crandall for the third out. It was the third impressive, cool-headed Yankee fielding play of the inning.

In the sixth Crandall, with no one on base this time, hit a high arching home run just beyond the left field fence to tie the score at 2-2. For a moment hope revived in Milwaukee, but two innings later, with the score still tied, the weary Burdette met the strongest part of the Yankee batting order and his ultimate defeat.

He got McDougald on a soft fly to right and struck out Mantle. But then, as Walter Bingham described it at the time in his notes: "Berra pulls soft liner down foul line which hits rubber about four feet from top

of fence for a double. Howard at 1-1 drops single through middle to score Berra. Yanks lead 3-2. Carey hits ball to deep short for infield single. Moose Skowron can break open game. Swinging strike one. Inside ball one. Wild swing two. High ball two. Moose clinches the World Series with a three-run homer. Kubek strikes out."

There was a sixth inning, but no one really scored. The score was 6-2, the Yankees were in, and the Braves were utterly defeated.

Afterward Casey Stengel told the TV cameras: "I'll tell you the reason why we won and there were three reasons." He paraded this theme for some time and the pursuit was fascinating, if confusing. But when all was said and done, the biggest reasons why the Yankees won were almost certainly the heart and the fight of old Casey himself.

END

DALLAS COMEUPPANCE

Continued from page 25

spectacular," said Darrell Royal the night before the game. Then this very impressive young man, who once played quarterback under Wilkinson at Oklahoma, had to grin. "But these kids sure like to play football; they'll try to against anybody."

This is likely to become the hallmark of Royal's success: Texas teams. Though he arrived in Austin only a little over a year ago, his teams are already characterized by toughness and determination and a liking for knocking people down. On Saturday they simply started knocking Oklahoma down at the kickoff and didn't quit until the final gun told them it was time to let up. Yet it was the ghostlike figure of a young man named Vince Matthews which won the game.

While the entire Longhorn line—Stillingburg, Parkhurst, Padgett, Jones, Bryant, Duke and all the others down through Royal's first two units—smashed Oklahoma's famed speed with a ferocity that sent foul, cursing noises all the way up to section E27 there on the rim of the sky, Texas pushed and punched and felt its own way. Then, despite the heroic efforts of Oklahoma's great center, Bob Harrison (who comes from Stamford, Texas), the Longhorns pounded to a first-half score. They drove 62 yards in six plays, and Rene Ramirez, the left-handed halfback, threw a running pass to George Blanch for the touchdown. Fullback Don Allen went over left tackle for the two extra points, and Texas led 8-0. In all this time Oklahoma's vaunted offense had been held to a net gain of 39 yards on the ground.

But in the third quarter the Sooners came out with that old hungry look, and they began to roll. They stormed to the five—and Texas held. Bark they came again and this time they scored. Dick Carpenter, Breckinridge, Texas, swinging around left end from the four. Only the conversion attempt by pass failed, and Texas still led. So back came the boys in the blood-red jerseys once again. This time Texas stopped them on the 24.

But anyone who relaxes, even for a moment, against Oklahoma, is left for dead. On the first play, Guard Jim Davis (Tyler, Texas) popped through the Longhorn line, snatched a hand-off somewhere in transit between Texas Quarterback Bobby Lacey and



DICK DAVIS, a freshman out from his hometown of San Francisco Bay area, is largely responsible for bringing the big time to Little College of the Pacific.

Fullback Mike Donde and rattled in the goal. This time Bobby Boyd (Garland, Texas) passed to Jerry Tillery for the conversion and the score was 14-8 Oklahoma, with most of the fourth quarter still to be played.

This was the cue for Texas to collapse. As much as two touchdowns underdogs in some of the better betting circles, the Longhorns had made a gallant try and no one could ever say they should have done more. Only, as it turned out, that wasn't why they made the trip up to Dallas. Without enough speed to rip through Oklahoma, with Lacey not quite the passer needed to open the Sooner defense, Royal reached back into the past and produced Vince Matthews.

TEXAS' FORGOTTEN MAN

Four years ago Matthews was one of the great passers of Texas schoolboy history, a rating which places him in rather select company. As a Texas sophomore in 1956, he started out like a house fire—and then, in his fourth game, injured a knee. He missed the remainder of the season, injured the knee again in the summer of '57 and missed all of last year, too.

In fact, people had almost forgotten about him, including the Texas coaching staff. "He had so far to come back," said Royal, "that we just couldn't count on him at all."

In three previous games Texas had completed only eight passes in 26 tries, for a meager 93 yards. When Matthews finished firing late in the fourth quarter Saturday, he had personally hit eight out of 10 for 123 yards. The most important, by far, were the six completions which triggered Texas' 74-yard march to the winning score. With the ball on Oklahoma's seven, Royal pulled Matthews on, sent Lacey in with one play—a quick jump pass to Earl Bob Bryant—and the game was tied. Lacey, who is quite a football player himself, then kicked the winning point.

"Maybe the best thing about this," said Royal, "is that now they'll have a little more trouble coming down here and talking our kids into crossing that river."

Undefeated football teams and great players are not the exclusive property of big schools like Texas and Army and Auburn and Wisconsin



After two apparently bruising touchdowns, Dick Bass of California tackles.

and Michigan State, however. Believe it or not, at Stockton, Calif., and New Brunswick, N.J., there are unbeaten teams, too. The main reason for this is two vastly distasteful young men named Dick Bass and Billy Austin. Probably nowhere in America are there two better football players, or more interesting ones, than these two young men who perform so sensationally 3,000 miles apart for tough little College of the Pacific and dear old Rutgers.

On the Pacific Coast they have been reading and hearing and talking about Dick Bass for years, although virtually no one has really ever seen him. Three games deep in the 1958 season, however, and to the consternation of COP opponents, Dick Bass has apparently materialized. The only trouble now is that football fans, like opposing tacklers, are still having trouble seeing Dick Bass. He moves too fast to keep in focus.

On a football field Bass is something of a missile with muscles. A 21-year-old from Vallejo, Calif., he stands 5 foot 11 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds and can run 100 yards in 9.5 seconds. At times it appears that

he can do this sideways and backward as well as forward. In his junior year in high school Bass scored 184 points and gained 1,726 yards running with a football. No longer inexperienced, he came back in 1954 to gain 1,984 yards for an average of 14.7 yards a carry and scored 226 points. This attracted the interest of several colleges.

When the dust had cleared away, Michigan State, Iowa, California, Washington, Michigan, Syracuse, Princeton, Colorado, Indiana, UCLA and a dozen other institutions discovered that Dick Bass had become a student at COP. Exactly how this happened has been the subject of some conjecture. Bass says he picked COP because "I was afraid in a big school I would be just another football player and not learn anything." It is not true, he insists, that he received a handsome bonus to sign at COP, which has an enrollment of only 1,670 but a stadium which seats 35,975, nor that his parents were given a house. And almost never does anyone mention the possibility that the lack of intellectual attainments had anything to do with it, although the late Red Sanders almost cried when he discovered that Bass could not qualify academically for UCLA.

As a matter of fact, Dick had trouble qualifying academically at COP. Busy scoring touchdowns—he made 10 of the 11 frosh scores in 1955—he flunked biology and hygiene and had to hump during the spring semester to become eligible for his sophomore season the next fall. It was hardly

worth the trouble; after three games Bass suffered a badly bruised knee and missed the rest of the season. Then, apparently sound once more, he came out of a preseason scrimmage in 1957 with a broken leg and missed that year, too.

In this season's opener against highly favored California, Bass looked like a cross between Red Grange, Rodney the Road Runner and Man o' War. Playing only part of the game he ran 78 yards for one touchdown, gained 213 yards rushing in 24 carries and passed for three conversions. COP won 24-20. The next week, against an Arizona State team which hadn't lost in its last 12 games, Bass left them gasping, and COP walked away with a 34-16 victory. This time he gained 212 yards in 17 tries, scored touchdowns from 45 and 35 yards out, set up another with a 52-yard pass play and threw for another conversion. Again he played only part time. And Saturday night, against Brigham Young, the new wonder boy of college football (in less than 30 minutes of action) scored on a 58-yard dash, sped 135 yards in 12 carries and paced COP to a 34-8 win.

"This kid," says COP Coach Moss-Myers, "is the finest runner in football. He has two speeds—fast and faster."

Actually, speed alone would hardly get Bass where he is going the way that he does. "Explosion," says his high school coach, Bob Patterson, "is what this boy has."

continued



BILL AUSTIN threatens to replace Paul Johnson, or even Nelson, as the most undisciplined member of the Rutgers family. However, his natural modesty may forestall this.

Ram starts like a California drag car and accelerates like a rocket. When hit, he remembers nothing quite so much as a rubber ball. He bounces off to one side, feet still churning and, upon landing, takes off again. "I guess," he says, "I just like to stand up." He weaves along behind blockers as if they were wooden pegs and then, spotting an opening, takes off across country on his own. He can also pound the line like a fullback; his size and speed give him tremendous power.

The peas will draft him this winter, although he still has another year of collegiate eligibility, but to get him it is almost certain someone will have to shell out an awful lot of money. "Bam should get \$100,000 on a four-year contract," says Myers.

Bam himself isn't so sure. Big league baseball scouts, who offered him almost \$50,000 after he hit .371 as a 17-year-old high school outfielder, still send him Christmas cards. And on the advice of Patterson, Dick has been studying speech and phonetics; once football season is over, he will have a disc jockey show on a Stockton radio station. He wants to play football next year, graduate in 1960 and then make up his mind which way to go.

Billy Austin is a pleasant young man with light brown hair, intelligent green eyes and a broken nose, which is about as close as he will ever come to dying for dear old Rutgers. To Austin, college football is neither a way of life nor the means to an end but simply a game which one plays on Saturday afternoons when there are no classes. You get the idea, from watching Austin play, that it is also a whole of a lot of fun, which may be the reason he does it. In his own way, just about as well as Dick does.

When Billy completed his football career at Scotch Plains High School in New Jersey, the occasion was marked by complete silence. College recruiters, who have been known to pummel and claw one another into raw beefsteak in pursuit of their prey, usually manage to display marked restraint in their approach to medium-size fullbacks, whose teams win only four games in three years. Not that it would have mattered; Austin never once thought that he would become a good college football player, anyway, and couldn't have

cared less. He wanted a good education in a pleasant, small-college atmosphere and, turning down scholarship offers from Princeton and Tufts and a scattering of other eastern and New England schools, he stowed away his sweat socks and moved the 10 miles from home to New Brunswick.

For a school which helped invent the game—the first intercollegiate football contest was played there against Princeton in 1869—Rutgers has often exhibited a remarkably casual approach to the whole thing. Eighty-nine years of practice, unkind observers have been wont to claim, haven't improved Rutgers a bit.

RUTGERS TURNS RUDDY

But Billy Austin, and his startling development into one of the most gifted football players in the land, changed all this. As a sophomore in the single-wing system which John Stigman brought over from Princeton, Austin was starting tailback; he missed all of two games and part of another with a dislocated shoulder—the team lost all three—but otherwise led Rutgers to a 3-7 record. Last year the school had its first winning season since 1949, and the man who lit the fuse was Billy Austin. He scored 12 touchdowns, passed for three more, ran for 945 yards, passed for 478, punted well, defended like a demon, and, when all the statistics were in, No. 3 man in total offense in the nation was Billy Austin. The leader, Washington State's Bob Newman, beat him by only 19 yards and played in one more game.

This year, as Rutgers races along unbeaten before the astonished gaze of every football fan in sight, Billy Austin is apparently a better football player than ever before. The key game was the opener against Princeton, which Rutgers won by a rather shocking 28-0 score. "Austin hurt us with his running and passing," said Princeton's Coach Dick Colman, "but he absolutely killed us with his defense." Two weeks ago the Scarlet Knights beat Colgate 31-7 and last Saturday defeated Richmond 23-12.

In the Southwest this may verge upon banter, but the football player Billy most closely resembles is Deak Walker. He has good speed but no one has any real trouble keeping him in focus as long as he is going in a straight line; it is only when he cuts that Austin has a tendency to blur out. This quickness, remarkable pe-

ripheral vision—which is a fancy name for that strange sixth sense of anticipation about approaching tacklers which good runners seem to inherit along with the color of their eyes and big feet—and a well-balanced, controlled stride are his greatest assets. He also follows blockers well, which is a sensible thing for a 188-pound halfback to do these days, although when they fail to appear Billy is capable of producing a great deal of drive and determination all on his own. He doesn't mind running over people a bit.

As a passer he has improved steadily; this is not the thing he does best but it is something he does well, particularly under pressure, and with the double threat he presents on a swing around end, with the option of running or throwing on almost every play, he can be a tough man to figure out. He is a good punter, a fine receiver, an exceptionally alert pass defender and a deadly tackler who loves to come storming up from his safety position to dump an opposing runner behind the line.

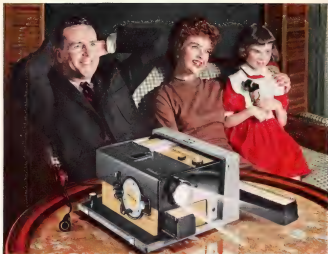
"He can be spectacular, all right," says Stigman, "but I guess the thing we like about him best is the steady, dependable job he does for you on every play. He's just a good football player."

YOUNG MAN OF DISTINCTION

If Austin makes All-America this year, it will be a remarkable achievement, since Rutgers' football players do not usually make All-America for several reasons. When you mention the possibility to Billy, he only grins and shakes his head. Captain of the team, Cadet Colonel of the Air Force ROTC wing, president of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, a star lacrosse player and a good B student, he thinks he has probably had all the honors that any one boy deserves. He expects to spend three years in service after graduation and then look around for a career in public relations—but definitely not pro football. The game against Columbia on November 22 will probably be the last he will ever play.

"Football at Rutgers," he says, "has been a lot of fun. Even if I had dreamed that I might become a real good player at a big-time football school, this is where I would have gone. Here, football has been a part of college, not college a part of football. I wouldn't have wanted it any other way."

END



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SHOOTING BY INSTINCT

Anyone can shoot like a TV Western hero after a one-hour lesson, and here's how

by MARTIN KANE

SOME ODD SPECIMENS of tremble-fingered man can put 10 bullets into less than a one-inch circle at 100 yards. That is a wonderful feat, even though such marksmen use a heavy barrel, a telescopic sight and a bench rest. It brings together in excruciating perfection the precise matching of ammo to rifle and ammo and rifle to shooter.

It is the calculus of shooting but it is not a romantic sport. It is quite unrelated to hunting, for instance, or to shooting in self-defense. It is not romantic because it has so little to do with the basic purpose of shooting, which is to kill.

Romantic shooting is offhand shooting and has deep roots in our folklore, all the way back to Daniel Boone and Wild Bill Hickok and beyond, men whose skills are legendary and unproved. They used inferior weapons by today's standards and, by today's standards, they did not know a dime's worth about ballistics. But the stories say that whenever they pulled a trigger they performed magic.

The will to believe these stories is so great that they are cherished in our hearts, if not in our heads, and so, all the way from William S. (Mr. Shakespeare) Hart to Wyatt Earp's TV incarnation, every one of us has, from childhood on, been entertained by the essential premise of the Western story: that such magic is possible. It is an artistic convention,

like the one-minute commercial.

The astounding truth is that anyone can perform similar feats of offhand shooting, feats that would pop the pristine eye of Davy Crockett.

In the hurly-burly of Pete Rademacher's wonderful assault on the heavyweight boxing title a year ago I could make only passing mention (SI, Aug. 19, '57) of one Lucky McDaniels, a member of Rademacher's Youth Unlimited organization. (They call it Unlimited Enterprises now because a pre-existing Youth Unlimited Foundation objected to the similarity of names.)

The title fight so overshadowed Lucky's ability to teach shooting that I had only a few paragraphs to report how he taught me, in little more than an hour, to shoot with such marvelous accuracy that soon I was hitting crawling beetles and tossed pennies with a .38 gun, with scarcely ever a miss. The first time I ever wore a pistol I was able to draw it and hit a pine cone in the road, at a distance of some 20 feet, six times out of six, shooting from the hip.

After Rademacher failed to go into orbit against Floyd Patterson I visited Lucky again, this time at Sea Island, Georgia, where he was giving lessons to guests of The Cloister. The

continued

MRS. CHARLES MORRIS hits a tiny Alka-Seltzer tablet with a .32 rifle bullet a few minutes after she began instruction.



Idea was to study his teaching method and try to explain it.

The most laud explanation of the method is Lucky's own. He calls it "instinct" shooting. That is all there is to it. You look at something, you shoot and you hit it.

Ordinary offhand shooting with rifle or even with pistol is an attempt to approximate the conditions of bench-rest shooting. You take careful aim. You breathe according to plan. You watch the front sight drift back and forth across the target. You find it impossible to control the wavering sight but you hope you can discover a rhythm that will permit you to let off the bullet at the correct instant. You try, therefore, to time the wavering of the sight, the beating of your heart, the extraordinary turbulence of your softest breathing. When you think you have all these in rhythm you do not pull the trigger. You squeeze it, ever so gently, making sure that you are holding your breath. You try to time the squeeze so that the bullet will let off between beats of your mounting pulse. If you are a demi-semi-waver off in all this delicate timing you miss the 10-ring. Offhand shooting can be the most exasperating of the sporting arts.

But a student of the Lucky McDaniel method ("The Lucky McDaniel System of Muscular Coordina-

tion and Synchronization Between Eyes and Hands") does not trifle with the meticulous. A true McDaniel follower will go so far as to have the sights removed from his weapons because they are a hindrance to him. He will point rifle or pistol as naturally as he would point a finger, pretty much as good shotguns do. Looking at what he wants to hit and quite disregarding the cant of his weapon or the state of his breathing, he pulls the trigger. He does not squeeze the trigger. He might even slap it, as shotguns sometimes do. That is all. He hits the target, which may be a flying disc or an Alka-Seltzer tablet tossed into the air by Lucky.

It takes Lucky, a slightly built young man with blond, close-cropped hair, about an hour to transmit this miracle-making power. It takes his pupils the rest of their lives to get over the fact that they can do it.

Not that they can do it for the rest of their lives solely on the basis of one lesson. Practice is required thereafter, as in any sport.

Rose Baldwin, a young architect who has since been inspired to design a BB gun to Lucky's specifications, propped up nine paper matches in the red dust of a Georgia road. He drew a nine-shot .22 revolver and, shooting from the hip, knocked down all nine matches without reloading,

shooting far faster than what is considered rapid-fire in competition.

"I paid Lucky \$25 for a lesson," he said, "and I have since spent \$1,500 for practice ammunition."

The McDaniel method has evolved from doing what comes naturally. Lucky is 33 years old and has been shooting at game for 28 years.

"Everything I have got today," he says, "I was born with."

He was born with it on his father's 800-acre peach farm in Upson County, Georgia, an area lush with woods and streams. His first weapon was a rare piece, a .22-caliber Winchester, which was fired, not by pulling a trigger, but by pressing down on a small obstruction with the thumb. It had been expropriated from a farmhand who had used it to shoot an associate. Lucky's Uncle Elmo Draughton, before presenting it to his 5-year-old nephew, took the precaution of filling the barrel with lead. Lucky brought the rifle to a blacksmith, who removed the lead. Then Lucky took to the woods, where he began shooting rabbits and squirrels.

Just before Lucky's sixth birthday Uncle Elmo gave him a .410 shotgun, and the two went off to shoot quail.

"The dogs flushed the covey," Lucky recalls. "One quail came up the hill my way and my uncle said, 'Here he comes, Bobby. Get him!' And I did. I killed my first bird with the first shot from my first shotgun."

Specially designed BB gun is held by Lucky (left), talking to Mrs. Sofia Hamed, wife of The Chester manager, and Fred Musolino, Winchester representative and famed shoot-

changer. Targets used in instruction are lined up in box and range from large numbers on 10-ft. cross-wood markers, Alka-Seltzer and aspirin tablets, as well as standard clay pagers.



Thereafter Lucky hunted just about daily under the guidance of a Negro farmhand, Johnnie Smith, and in the companionship of Johnnie's son, Elmo, a year older than Lucky. Lucky's father, Benjamin Franklin McDaniel, gave Johnnie very simple instructions: "You take my boy out and bring him back safe."

Johnnie was a superb shot, and his method, it seems now, was much the same as Lucky's "instinct" shooting.

"Johnnie never aimed," Lucky recalls. "He said a sight was a crutch for a shotgun."

It was a wonderful time and place and way for a boy to grow up. On hot summer days Lucky and his cousin, Bushy McDaniel, now fire chief of Thomaston, Georgia, shot frogs in Potato Creek and sold the legs to hotels and restaurants for movie money. Lucky fished, too, as did his mother ("she fished every afternoon for 35 years"), and he developed some astonishing skills, all of them having something to do with marksmanship. By the time he was 7 he could kill a fly on the wall with a slingshot. He hunted rabbits with a bow and arrows he made himself. He became expert with the lariat, developing skill on cows and horses about the farm. "I beat everyone at horseshoes," he recalls. With a bull whip he would knock a cigaret from the lips of obliging little Elmo. He made a spear gun out of an air-rifle barrel and found it useful on frogs. He won his school's marbles championship.

At age 13, ill of pneumonia, Lucky discovered the blow gun. He made one out of half-inch pipe taken from a peach-spraying rig. With homemade darts he could pin a lizard to a pine tree or knock the ashes off a cigaret (held by the magnificent Elmo) at 30 feet. Today, while his wife, Betsey, watches in admiration, Lucky will pick up his blow gun and demonstrate his skill by hitting a minuscule spot on the living-room wall.

With a gun in his hand Lucky would strike you as quite a nervous fellow, in spite of his quick, birdlike movements and bright, impulsive chatter, but the Navy discharged him in 1941 because of "bad nerves" and, of all things, weak eyesight.

His eyes were examined recently

continued



CHARCOAL BRIGGET is smoked by Mrs. Mosser, warming up for an afternoon turkey shoot, using a 410 shotgun.

by a shooting student of his, A. C. Hobbs Jr., M.D., of Columbus, Georgia, and found to be a normal 20/20, though Lucky had previously been under the impression, perhaps because of his Navy experience, that he was nearsighted. He believes quite firmly that his kind of shooting develops visual acuity. My own experience has half persuaded me that he is right. In hunting clay pigeons with a .22 rifle I can now see the bullet hole—a tiny dot against the blue sky—in that fleeting fraction of an instant before the pigeon powder.

"Lucky's ability," Dr. Hobbs says, "is just something you don't believe. I had a theory that accurate shooting

represented bisecting the line of vision from each eye, but that collapsed when Lucky shot just as accurately from his hip. One eye is as good as two. [Lucky has taught one-eyed persons.] I think I could almost have been blindfolded and hit the target."

There is something a trifle odd about Lucky's left eye. It has two pupils, which is probably against Navy regulations. He was born with a single pupil in it, but when he was a boy a door spring struck the eye, injuring it so that a portion of the pupil's fluid drained into a corner of the iris. Lucky believes this may have given him a little extra in the way of peripheral vision, which is very useful, he points out, in knife fighting. He teaches knife fighting on the side.

HOW LUCKY DOES IT, MAYBE

Lucky McDaniel's technique of instruction was described to a number of scientists and resulted in a number of very tentative hypotheses to explain it. Most explanations suggested that hypnosis might be a factor, though not necessarily the kind in which a person is overtly put into a trance.

There is a more subtle stage of hypnosis, most often called "suggestion." Dr. Donald B. Douglas of the Psychiatric Institute, New York City, defined suggestion as a state in which the subject's unconscious mind willingly follows instructions from another person, superseding all volition, because the subject wants to be persuaded. And who, indeed, would not want to be persuaded that he can shoot like Wild Bill Hickok? On the other hand, who would not want to be persuaded that he can hit a golf ball like Sam Snead, and how many golf pros are turning out Sam Sneads these days? The point about McDaniel is that he, unlike the golf pros, is able to teach anyone, even grossly handicapped persons, astonishing accuracy in an astonishingly short time.

Dr. Henry Makover, Professor of Preventive Medicine at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, speaking very informally, thought there might be still another explanation not necessarily involving hypnosis.

"In all forms of athletics," he said, "there are moments, sometimes whole days, in which an individual is capable of giving a physical performance within his sport, which, for him, is almost impossible generally. [Every golfer knows such days.] At a particular time, for a reason which we do not know, all physical coordinative elements of

the individual may function together in a manner which permits a performance many times the individual's normal ability."

At this point Dr. Makover, who never has met McDaniel, uttered a precise paraphrase of what McDaniel says.

"Within most people," he put it, Dr. Makover's way, "there is a physical potential far greater than that which is realized in normal activity."

The way McDaniel puts it is this: "We see more than we think we see. Our senses know more than we do."

Or, to return to Dr. Makover: "There exists, I believe, in the general population a greater potential for accuracy than is realized, but for a number of reasons . . . this potential cannot be exploited at all times. It is conceivable that McDaniel, wittingly or unwittingly, has discovered a technique of exploitation of this faculty which functions in the majority of people on whom he experiments."

McDaniel says that "the power of suggestion" is a factor in his teaching. And he also says that everyone is capable of far greater feats than he is aware of. A McDaniel come to judgment maintains that he can condition a man's reflexes to a point where he is able to realize his capacities.

So, too, say the Zen Buddhists, whose adept performers such feats of archery, like extinguishing a candle while blindfolded. Then, to delve perhaps more shallowly into the esoteric, there is Dr. Joseph B. Rhine of Duke University and his notions about psychokinetics—the ability of the mind to influence the actions of such objects as dice. That, of course, has more to do with craps shooting than bird shooting.

After the war Lucky became a salesman for the U.S. Tobacco Company, going from store to store trying to sell Model tobacco. On his first day as a salesman he had no luck until his 19th call.

"Then," he remembers, "in this fellow's place of business I noticed a rifle. I mentioned something or other about being able to hit a coin in the air. He didn't believe me. So I made him a wager—12 dozen of my tobacco against hitting that coin with his rifle. I hit it, and after that I had the rig in my hand."

From then on selling was no problem. Lucky just shot and bet his way into an extraordinary pile of orders. In gun-loving Georgia his sales record became fabulous. One skeptical prospect, C. D. Lane of Moultrie, bet his grocery store against Lucky's new Dodge that Lucky could not hit a quarter in the air. Lucky refused to carry away the store. Instead, Lane became a steady tobacco customer.

Lucky stumbled onto teaching. Four years ago, while selling tobacco in Valdosta, Georgia, he took time out to have a pistol repaired. In the shop he encountered Brooker Blanton, former University of Georgia football star who is owner of the Dixie Lakes Distributing Company. Lucky just happened to mention his shooting ability, in a way he has, and Blanton bristled at the thought of such nonsense being foisted on him. "He called me a liar, so to speak," says Lucky. They met at Blanton's home.

There Lucky performed his usual feats. Blanton demanded instruction.

"It's a God-given thing," Lucky said dubiously. "I don't know what I'm doing myself."

It took a little persuasion—Blanton offered to pay Lucky even if he flunked—and Lucky undertook the job. They started with a .22 rifle and Blanton shot 500 rounds without a smidgen of improvement.

It was getting a mite expensive. Lucky suggested they borrow a kid's air rifle and use BB shot.

That did it. It was late afternoon and the sun was shining behind their backs. They could see the shot emerge from the BB gun. They could follow its trajectory. Thereupon Blanton began to hit small objects tossed into the air.

The BB gun is now basic to McDaniel's teaching method. It is the pupil's first weapon. Before he can shoot it at anything Lucky insists that he be able to see the shot leave



HPF SHOOTING with .22 caliber pistol. Lady Mrs. Mossor hits. Mrs. Mossor turned to husband, former Princeton football captain, and exclaimed: "I'd have bet \$10,000 I could do that."

the gun. Seeing the shot, the pupil unconsciously notes his margin of error on a miss and, again unconsciously, corrects for it on his next shot.

This is so important that Lucky has designed, and Ross Blanton has built, a BB gun with variable power, so that weak-eyed students can be helped to see a slow-moving pellet as it emerges from the barrel. The spring which propels the BB can be weakened or strengthened by turning a screw. The gun has, of course, no sights and the fire end of the barrel is even necked down in order to discourage any inclination to sight along the barrel. Its balance is very like that of a shotgun.

Successful with the BB gun, Blanton went back to the .22 rifle and, finding he could now shoot spectacularly with that, swore Lucky to secrecy and "went out and clipped everyone." Next day Blanton brought another student to Lucky and his teaching career began.

Lucky guesses that he has taught thousands in the past few years, among them members of several police departments. In addition to hip shooting Lucky instructs the cops in the quick draw, at which he is most adept. He demonstrated this to me by having me point an unloaded .45 at him.

"I'll draw and fire," he said, "before you can pull the trigger."

He did, too.

But the quick draw is a dangerous sport. The first policeman Lucky taught was Maurice Phillips of the Dalton, Georgia force. Phillips prevailed on his chief and the mayor to pay Lucky \$30 a man to instruct the

department's 23 cops. The policemen were so enthusiastic that they took to practicing against each other with empty guns. But one day Maurice Phillips was killed in such a match with a fellow officer whose gun, it turned out, was not empty. On the other hand, Patrolman T. J. Blake of Prichard, Alabama owes his life to the quick draw, which came in handy when a burglar attacked him.

ALABAMA police now have restricted Lucky to teaching the draw to police and to civilians approved of by the police chief of a town. Lucky himself is not enthusiastic about teaching it to civilians. It is dangerous, he points out, because once trained the shooter is so conditioned that he finds it difficult to remove his gun from the holster without pulling the trigger. Both movements blend into one. The tendency, furthermore, is to shoot at whatever catches the eye, which might be the family cat.

Lucky's method of instruction is a marvel of simplicity. There is, in fact, very little instruction because Lucky does not want to clutter the pupil's mind with inhibitions.

The pupil is handed a BB gun and told to shoot it at nothing a couple of times. He is asked if he has seen the pellet leave the barrel. When he has satisfied Lucky that he really has seen it, the pupil is permitted to shoot at objects tossed into the air by Lucky, who stands at his right side and a half-step to the rear. Practically the only advice he gets is to cheek the gun lightly and to look at the object without sighting along the barrel.

"Cheek it and shoot it," Lucky

tells the pupil as he tosses up the first target, a rather large iron washer, a little bigger than a silver dollar.

The pupil generally misses.

"Where did the BB go?" Lucky asks.

The pupil says he saw the shot pass under the target.

"That's right," Lucky says, and tosses up the washer again. "Cheek it and shoot it." The pupil misses again, is asked where the BB went and again he says it went under. Lucky agrees that it did. But on the fourth or fifth miss a pupil may say that he saw the BB pass over the target.

"No," Lucky says firmly. "It never goes over. You'll never miss by shooting over it. Now try to shoot over it and you'll hit it."

The pupil tries to shoot over the washer. He hits it. In that instant he becomes a wing shot. Smaller and smaller washers are tossed into the air and the misses become very infrequent. Eventually the pupil is hitting penny-sized washers and is able to plink them on the top or bottom, as called for by Lucky.

This occurs in an incredibly few minutes, usually under a half hour. During that time the shooter has been kept very busy. Lucky gives him no time to think about what he is doing, no time to theorize, no time to tense up. Targets are tossed in fast succession while Lucky keeps up a patter of suggestion pretty much implying that this is just about the brightest pupil he ever has taught. The pupil is inclined to think so, too.

After establishing expertise with

continued

the BB gun, the shooter moves on to the .22 rifle. The routine is much the same except that targets may be anything from small clay pigeons to charcoal briquets, either of which powders in a very satisfying way when hit by a bullet. There is almost never any difficulty in making the shift to the .22. The shooter now has ingrained ability to resist the temptation to aim. He just looks at the target, pulling the trigger when, somehow, he senses that he is pointing properly. This is a very definite feeling but hard to describe. It is a feeling of empathy with the target. Establishment of this "sense" is the big fundamental of Lucky's teaching.

One reason for seeing the BB leave the gun, Lucky says, is that he wants the pupil to "learn to focus on a single object without looking at everything else around."

"I tell him to hold the gun easy against the cheek, not force the cheek down to the gun in the regular way," he explains. "As soon as he begins to shoot I know what he is doing wrong. There are a thousand things he can do wrong. But I don't scold him. You've got to give him confidence or he'll tighten up. I tell him he's going to hit the target and most of the time I call 'em right. When he's shooting high I don't just point to where he should be shooting. I throw the object and point while I'm throwing it. I keep this up steadily so he'll swing into it. Then I keep shifting the target, like from one match to another on the ground, so he won't get wrapped up in one target."

"This is instinctive shooting and it's got to come easy."

The third step is pistol shooting from the hip and again Lucky gives only minimum instruction. He shows how to press the elbow of the shooting arm firmly against the hipbone, makes sure that the wrist is held stiff. The shooter stands with feet apart and knees slightly bent. Lucky tosses small objects—pine cones, cartridge boxes, briquets—onto the ground and the shooter selects one for a target. He is told that if he misses on a shot he must not try to hit the same object again but must shift to another target. The reason is that after a miss there is a tendency to overcorrect on the next shot. Shifting to another target seems to relieve the tension that leads to overcorrection.

Finally the shooter is given a shot-

gun and goes through the same procedure against clay pigeons slung from a hand trap. This transition is difficult for some shooters. A shotgun's blast and kick can cause flinching, the pitch of the barrels is different and the left and balance of a shotgun feel strange after the rifle. But the principle on which Lucky has taught rifle shooting is the basic principle of good shotgun shooting. With a little practice it pays off.

Lucky has no patience with those who teach shotgunners to lead their birds, even though this makes good ballistic sense.

"When a man tells me he doesn't know how he hits, I figure he must be a good shot," Lucky says. A good shotgunner, he believes, doesn't know whether he leads or not.

FRED D. MISKIDINE, a Sea Island resident and champion skeet shot, dropped by to watch Lucky give a lesson to Colonel J. Henry Peel, a retired Army officer. Miskidine is a Winchester shooting promotion representative and a few days before he had given Lucky a new Winchester Model 55 single-shot .22 rifle, which features a safety that goes on automatically when the cartridge is inserted in the rifle. Lucky has found it an ideal teaching weapon.

Miskidine was curious about the teaching method. He watched intently as Colonel Peel, using the .22, began to knock nickel-sized cardboard plugs from the center of tossed washers. He grasped quickly the idea behind Lucky's "instinct" shooting.

"I've been shooting like that all my life and didn't know it," he said finally. In 1957 Miskidine set an all-world record at skeet, blasting 496 out of 500 targets.

Miskidine was further impressed when he saw that Lucky could be equally successful with the experienced Mrs. Charles Mosser, wife of a former Princeton football captain, who that afternoon was to go on a turkey shoot, and the totally inexperienced Mrs. Stella Harned, wife of The Cloister's manager, who had an actual dislike for shooting and had to be persuaded to take a lesson.

It was not so impressive to me since I already knew that Lucky had taught small children as well as women.

It is Lucky's contention that the legendary shooters of the West actually did perform as the stories tell and that they shot by instinct.

"Every once in a while some wife gets mad at her husband," Lucky says. "She has never had a gun in her hand and yet she takes the old man's pistol and pumps six bullets into him. Wives never miss when they shoot at their husbands. That's instinct."

Lucky warns his pupils that they may be embarrassed if they try to show off without practice. It seems to be true, too, that Lucky's presence is a large factor in success.

William O. Walton, county solicitor in Lafayette, Alabama, says that after being taught by Lucky he could hit at least five out of 10 pennies in the air in front of friends, and once hit eight of 10 washers.

"I shot a lot better with Lucky standing there," he said. "It's some sort of hypnosis. It's not logical, for I always feel that I can't hit these things, yet I do."

The hypnosis theory comes up quite frequently. Lucky grins and concedes that "the power of suggestion" has a lot to do with it.

But Lucky insists that his pupils can, if they will practice faithfully, retain their skill.

If you would like to try it out, here are some pointers.

- 1) Wear glasses to protect the eyes against ricochet.
- 2) Remember to shoot at nothing a few times until you can clearly see the BB leave the gun. It will look like a coppery streak, and eventually that streak will seem to you like an extension of the gun barrel. You will have the feeling that you are reaching out with this coppery streak, quite as though it were a long, thin pole, and touching the target with the end of it.
- 3) Have a friend toss the targets straight up over your head at first to a height of about 12 or 15 feet. It is important that he toss them to pretty much the same spot each time, and that the flat side of the washer is presented to you as you shoot.
- 4) Don't shoot at a single object on the ground. Toss out several, and if you miss on one, shift to another target.
- 5) Even if you are shooting at something as small as a penny, pick out a spot on the penny to concentrate on.
- 6) Cocking the gun may be tiring. Ask your target-tosser to do it.
- 7) Take your time.
- 8) Don't pay too much attention to these instructions. Just look at what you want to hit and pull the trigger.

END

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

TENNIS: 100 YEARS OF MIXED DOUBLES

The reader's favorite and very interesting article in this issue, "Tennis: 100 Years of Mixed Doubles," by Lawrence Jones and Mrs. St. John, of Atlanta, Georgia, has been a challenge to other readers to participate in mixed doubles tennis.

Now, Mrs. Bernard Stern and I have played mixed doubles tennis for at least 35 years. I have been a member of the New York Tennis Club for 30 years and playing since 1946.

We were visiting New York State

and decided to challenge the boys and girls, back in 1928-1930. Our combined ages are now 100 and 99 and we are still playing mixed doubles tennis.

We would like to accept the challenge of the Kalamazoo. We would play at our club and they donated to them. We are going to bring players from this city to see if they would like to play tennis.

Dorothy Hartmann

and 10

New York City

• Challenge transmitted. ED.



CHALLENGERS STERN AND HARTMANN



THE H. V. HALENSBERG

THE SEARCH I

Mary Donnan's attention harked of the Washington Sentinel, 19th June, Sept. 1, was an elegant one. Now, I have a small assignment for you, Mrs. Donnan. Can you find "The Search I" by Elizabeth, which I have made a copy of out of it? It is a very fine book, but I have a very good one. Would you please give it a look over?

Mary Donnan

New York City

• A quick check, but Mrs. Reade's small assignment turned into a major sport. Herewith a few leaves from *Researcher* (by Elizabeth's notebook). Should be simple to check, but New York Public Library information service can't come up with it. Called Columbia University's American history department: no trace in Lincoln books. Could it be Ralph Waldo Emerson? Called the department of English: great deal of interest on part of Professor Marjorie H. Nicolson, who looked through Lincoln and Emerson books available. Nought. Professor Nicolson suggested Professor David

Donald, a Lincoln expert. Called the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton and charmed with Professor Donald. Doesn't sound like Lincoln to him, but rings a bell. Professor Nicolson of Columbia called back; said in the meantime Professor Elizabeth Van Kirk (who happened to drop in an English department staff was discerning quotation, thought it might be something Elizabethan. Shakespeare? Professor Dobson spent lunch hour at home looking through Shakespeare, then spent afternoon at library looking through Beaumont and Fletcher. No luck, but will call if anything turns up. Have now spent a week's commuting time reading Lincoln writings and scanned an awful lot of American philosophers. No trace. Time to give up? No. Called Mary Donnan, back from vacation, sounds like a wonderful girl. Says she took quotation from manuscript of local paper, the *Patriot*, Va. Standard, which credits it to Lincoln. After many calls talked with editor of Standard, Mrs. Margaret C. King of Falls Church, Va. Yes, she has used

quote for eight years in our (this means upper corner) of her paper. But could not give Lincoln passage from which quote was taken. Mrs. King called back. Said she had Library of Congress do extensive checking, that they considered it a Lincoln quote but could not pinpoint it. They were still checking and had written Carl Sandburg for help. We are not getting much further; give up? No. Am soliciting opinions from SEVENTH ILLUSTRATED staff. All have feeling for Lincoln. Elizabethan poetry? Thomas Hood (born 1796, died 1845)? John Milton (born 1608, died 1674)? Hood has poem about silence, but not same concept. Thoreau? Called Newton Arvin, Professor of American Literature at Smith. The lines don't sound Emersonian to him, but the sentiment does seem early American. Called Esther Cloudman Dunn, Professor of English at Smith. What fun! says Miss Dunn, but not Elizabethan; sounds like period of independent thinking. Called Miss Page Spencer of Rutgers University Press. Says not Lincoln, more like Emerson. Help! Miss Ruth Fields of Rutgers, editor of *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, says that those lines never appeared in his handwriting, may have been attributed to Lincoln as so much has. Left message with Thomas Shaw of the Library of Congress, who has been working tracing quote: How we coming? Got a call from Washington: Here it is, by golly! Mrs. Katherine Cline, calling for Clarence McGhee, says that Mr. McGhee has the answer. The quote is from a poem called *Protest* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who occasionally worked attributed Lincoln sayings into her poems. Who had discovered this? Kerton Kilmer, son of the poet Joyce Kilmer. Didn't know Kilmer had a son. Called Mr. Kilmer, who says that he and others at the Congressional library had spent about a year's time tracking down this same quote, which was brought to him by a Congressman. He happened to run into Mr. McGhee at the library, looking distraught, and told him. Here is the first stanza of the poem, with a vote of thanks to all:

*To sin by silence, when we should protest,
Mollies march out of men. The business voice
Has climbed on protest. And no voice has
raised.*

*Against injustice, ignorance and bad,
The indignation yet would nerve the line,
And pollution divide our land disputes.
The few who dare, must speak and speak again
To right the wrongs of many. Speech, thank*

*God,
No vested power in this great day and land
Can pay its tribute. From and since may cry
Loud disapproval of existing ills;
May criticize aggression and confusion
The looseness of wealth-producing laws
That let the children and childworkers sell
To purchase ease for idle millionaires.*

—ED.



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'Learn young; do old'

In the long history of the Olympic Games only four competitors have won four gold track medals in a single year. Alvin Kraenzlein, Paavo Nurmi and Jesse Owens are the men, the Dutch mother of the pig-tailed youngster shown above is the only woman. As any track buff whose interest goes back a decade or so will readily recall, Fanny Blankers-Koen, "the flying housewife," mother of two children, won gold medals in the 80-meter hurdles, the 100- and 200-

meter dashes and the 400-meter relay.

Now there is another Fanny on the cinder track, Fanny's 12-year-old daughter, a shy young lady with a mind of her own. "They told me I was too young but, really, that isn't so at all." She kept after mother and father until they gave in. Young Fanny, who is on the track every day, is dead serious about becoming as good as her mother, admonishes her still dubious parents with a Dutch copy-book maxim: "Learn young; do old."

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